The Bystander, November 22, 1911

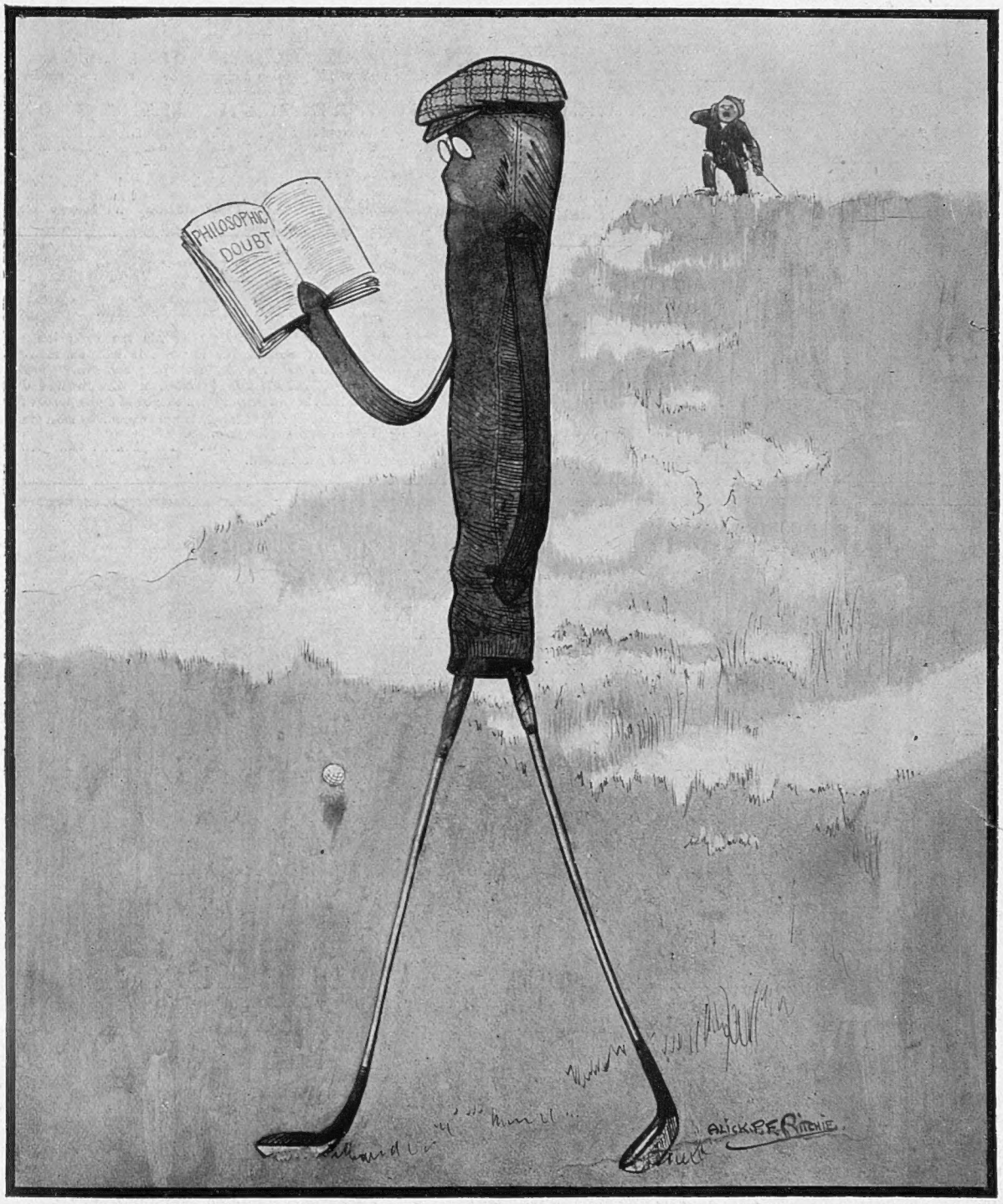
Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 416.—Vol. XXXII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, November 22, 1911 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.



MR. BALFOUR'S FUTURE: A FORE!—CAST

BY ALICK P. F. RITCHIE

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "NEW YORK" Ballet, LYDIA KYASHT, Fred Farren, Ida Crispi in "The Yankee Tangle." HUNTING in the SHIRES (The Quorn) on the Bioscope, and Varieties. EVENINGS at 8. Manager, ARTHUR ALDIN.

DALY'S THEATRE, Every Evening, at 8.15. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Musical Production, "THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG." English libretto by BASIL HOOD. Music by FRANZ LEHAR. MATINÉE, SATURDAY, at 2.15.

GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES. Every Evening, at 8. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Musical Production, "PEGGY." By GEORGE GROSSMITH, Jun. Music by LESLIE STUART. MATINÉE, EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.

PRINCE OF WALES'. Every Evening, at 9. MR. CHARLES HAWTREY'S New Production, "THE UNINVITED GUEST." At 8.15, "Same Lodge." Matinée, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 3.

WYNDHAM'S. GERALD du MAURIER and Company, in a New Comedy in Four Acts, entitled "THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND." By ALFRED SUTRO. Every Evening at 8.30. Matinée, Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8. SEYMOUR HICKS & Co., ELLALINE TERRISS, FREKSA'S "RIALON," CAPTAIN SCOTT'S DASH TO THE SOUTH POLE, and Star Co. 6*d.* to 5*s.* 7541 Gerrard.

LONDON HIPPODROME. Daily, 2 and 8. SAHARY DJELI in "SYRIA," MISS IRENE VANBRUGH and MR. EDMUND GWENN, OSCAR and REGINE, "PASQUARIELLO," and Star Co. 1*s.* to £4 4*s.* 650 Gerrard.

OLYMPIA CYCLE and MOTOR-CYCLE EXHIBITION. Open Daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., Nov. 20 to Nov. 25. The Second International Exhibition organised by the Cycle and Motor-Cycle Manufacturers and Traders' Union, Ltd. Admission 1*s.* The World's greatest assembly of cycles, motor-cycles, sidecars, and accessories. Popular Catering by J. Lyons and Co., Ltd. Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards.

CHILDREN'S DELIGHT.—De La Rue's 1/- Card Game. "Golliwog." Buy it to-day. International Card Co. (Dept. D.), 96/98, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

SHIPPING.

P & O MAIL AND PASSENGER SERVICES.

Under Contract with H.M. Government.

EGYPT, INDIA, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, &c.

Conveying Passengers and Merchandise to ALL EASTERN PORTS.

Illustrated Handbooks on Application.

P & O Offices: Northumberland Avenue, W.C. / 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C. } LONDON

HOTELS.

LAS PALMAS — GRAND CANARY.

HOTEL METROPOLE.

Occupying an unrivalled position facing the Sea. Now re-opened for the Season under

NEW RESIDENT MANAGER.

Thoroughly Renovated and Equipped for the Comfort and Convenience of Visitors. Golf, Tennis, Boating, Bathing, etc. Moderate Terms.

Full particulars from—

ELDER DEMPSTER and CO., LTD., Colonial House, Liverpool; 4, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.; 30, Mosley Street, Manchester; Exchange Buildings, Birmingham; Thomas Cook and Son; and Tourist Agencies.

CHARITIES.

THE CHURCH ARMY

has received a PROMISE of £50 towards the extension of the EMIGRATION TEST FARM for respectable lads at Hempstead, Essex, conditionally on 49 other friends doing the same by Easter, 1912. Pray help to REDEEM this challenge, and thus give an additional number of hopeful lads, in danger of ruin, a chance of a prosperous future.

Cheques (crossed Barclays', a/c Church Army) or promises most gratefully received by Prebendary Carlile, Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W. Telephone, Paddington 3440. Full information gladly forwarded.

WARNING!

This Year's Bystander Christmas Number

On Sale Tuesday Week, December 5

WILL BE DISAGREEABLE TO LOVERS OF THE COMMONPLACE

To Protect them Against it

A TARIFF OF ONE SHILLING PER COPY IS BEING IMPOSED

Bystander Comments

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

THE sensation of being without a party resembles being aboard ship inside a sheltered bay. You are free from violent lurches, while you remain in the bay. Directly the ship gets out into the open sea you will be bound to take shelter—either fore or aft—exactly where you happen to be thrown. At the moment of writing, THE BYSTANDER is comfortably seated in a deck chair in the political amidships. It is Thursday morning, and so far nothing has happened to make us change our attitude announced last week.

***

TOWARDS the Government, we are neither hot nor cold—or, rather, we are both. We are violently angry with Mr. Asquith for "choking-off" a question as to the state of affairs with Germany. Such accusations as were made against us in the Reichstag, and applauded by the Crown Prince, of wanton interference in the Moroccan affair, even the Chancellor having decidedly snubbed our Mr. George, should have been met with immediate denial. If there is one thing that angers us more with the Ministry than another it is its ridiculous reticence in foreign affairs. We have before expressed the belief that the smothering of all discussion in Parliament on foreign affairs is a nonsensical affectation, so long as the Press has absolute freedom to discuss them. What are M.P.'s for if not to exercise the right of criticism over the transactions of Ministers?

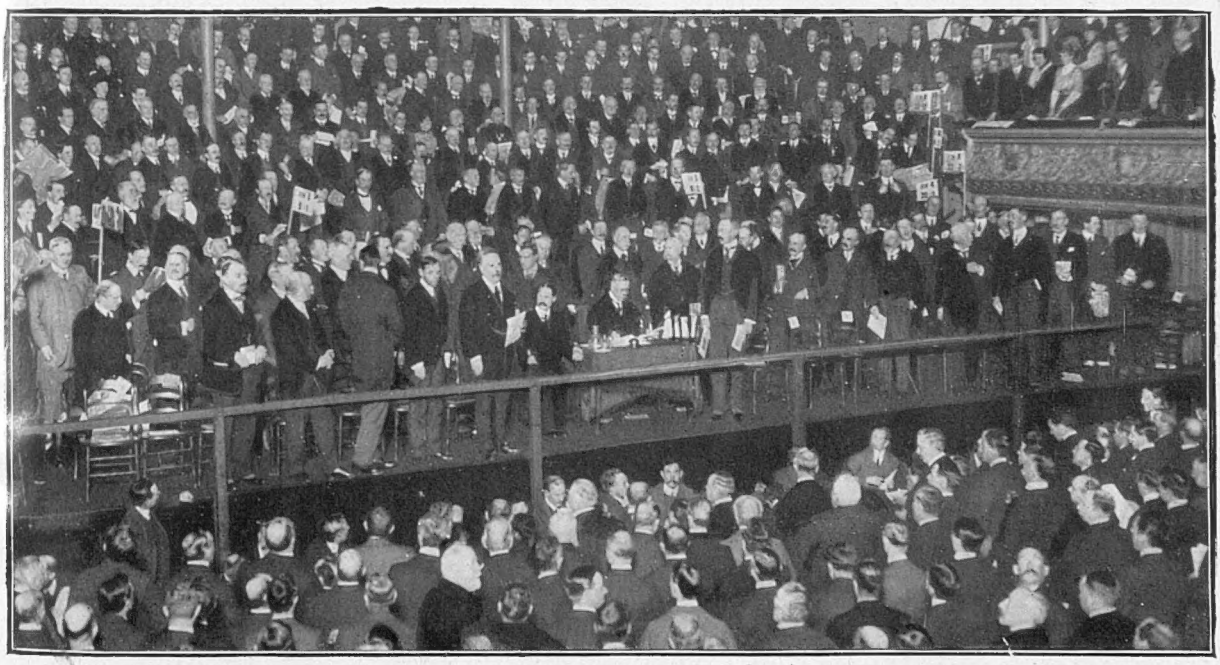
"The Radical Press has advised me not to be so rude in the House of Commons in the future as I have been in the past. . . . I have really no hope of satisfying the giver of that advice."
—Mr. Bonar Law at Leeds

OF THE WEEK

WHAT we do know now (some of us knew it at the time) is that we were on the verge of war with Germany last September *without the public having the least knowledge why*. Decks were cleared for action, torpedo nets out, and the Navy, if not the Army, was "ready." Any moment shots might have been fired. Yet John Bull was talking and thinking of Burgess, Johnson and Wells, and the Sea-Water Cure for Babies. It will be the blackest mark in the career of the present Ministry if war should break out and the nation be utterly unprepared. We have had our B.M.G. agitation. Why not a G.M.G. one—G. standing for Grey?

***

THE point on which we are cold as concerns the Government is over the Insurance Bill. It appears to us to be contemptible to pump up minor details with which to attack the measure—such, for instance, as the Servants' Stamp. If the Bill is bad, Conservatives should have attacked it in principle; if it is good, they should criticise its faults with a view to amendment, not to destruction. It was the "willing to wound and yet afraid to strike" attitude that made the party unpopular over Old Age Pensions. As to the *Daily Mail's* "discovery" of the invasion of the Englishman's Home by Lloyd George inspectors after Mr. George had put down an amendment removing the offending clause, that is playing the party game low, and to the benefit of the other side. But now to wax pleasant.



"FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW!" MR. LAW'S SPLENDID WELCOME TO LEEDS

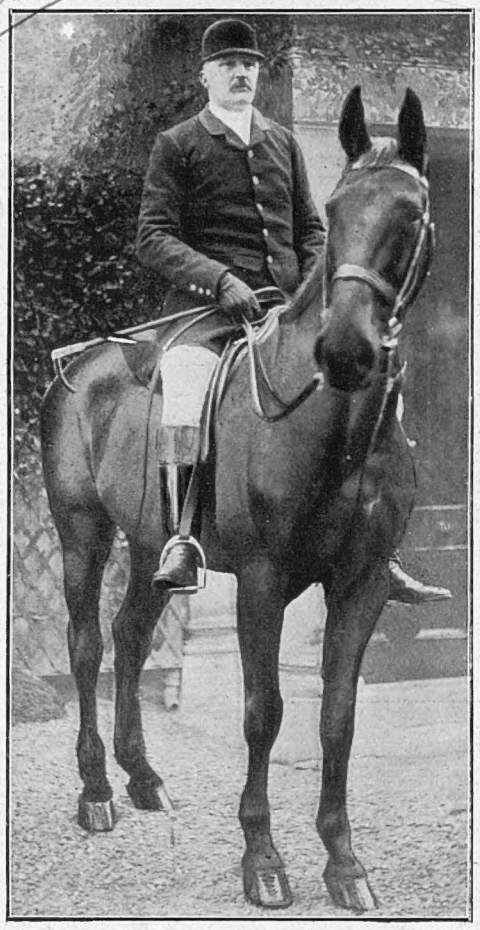
Scene at the great meeting at the Coliseum, Leeds, where Mr. Bonar Law made his first public appearance as leader of the Unionist party. The audience are singing "For he's a jolly good fellow." Mr. Bonar Law is sitting next to the chairman (Lord Faber), and Lord Kenyon is standing at the other side of the table

Bonar-Fide Leadership

THE most captious of critics never went to the bad play of an enemy in more supercilious mood than THE BYSTANDER betook himself to Leeds to witness the *début* of the new leader *vice* Mr. Balfour. The rôle of Balaam is, however, never disagreeable to the true prophet, and it is with intense pleasure that I record the conviction that *Mr. Law has come to stay.* The occasion was one in which any man might easily have failed hopelessly. Succeeding a leader who stood for a very great deal in the eyes of most of his hearers, he was not even the free choice of the party—merely a *tertium quid.* He had to reckon with disappointed extremists, with discomfited Die-Hards on the one side and resentful Balfourites on the other. A *faux pas* on his part would have been hailed by either with a chorus of "I told you so."

***

WELL, Mr. Law triumphed—unmistakably. One left his meeting with the knowledge that he had "got right there." He had said the things he ought to have said, and left unsaid the others. He had played round the field of general politics lightly, sometimes wittily, and when he made a "hit" it was with neither rapier nor bludgeon, but with walking-stick. He spoke without loss for a word: well-phrased, clean sentences, no tiresome parentheses, no hum's, no ha's. If it is human on the platform to "er—er," Mr. Law is quite inhuman. He hesitated not once. When, however, he did forsake fluency for feeling, his voice rose in a slight tremor, his slight figure stiffened, and—well, the house felt too, and came down. When Mr. Law got off general politics—Disestablishment, Home Rule, and so on, and touched his speciality, Tariff Reform, he touched it so deftly that those who, like myself, are mere little-piggers (as were most of the Yorkshiremen in the audience, I may add), felt that here was Mr. Balfour made plain. Mr. Law got the audience first interested in the flight of capital, strikes, high prices, and low wages—with which we agreed to a man—then, with the skill of a first-rate novelist introducing the thin end of the wedge of his plot, he touched Tariff Reform. It would not do everything, but it would do something, particularly towards the raising of wages.



CAPTAIN FABER, M.P.

Who provided the sensation of the week in his speech on Britain's secret diplomacy to the corporation of the little town of Andover in Hampshire. Our photograph shows him as Master of the Tedworth Foxhounds

MR. LAW talked Protection to an audience half Yorkshire, and talked it with effect. Let him do likewise in Manchester and Glasgow, and there is hope for the Conservative party. Led by a solid man—a *bonar-fide* leader, as somebody put it in my hearing—there is the chance of gaining the support of the solid men who turn the scale.

***

ANY tendency, however, to hail his leadership as a triumph of the B.M.G. gang received its contemptuous quietus at the meeting whereat Mr. Maxse was shouted down. True, he had only risen to withdraw his motion in glorification of the Die-Hards. But the united Conservatives didn't want to hear about Die-Hards any more than a merry dinner-party wants to hear about disease. They wanted to forget "microbes." And the feeling towards the man who has been killed by them is properly devout. Not gone—but gone before. There is a feeling that, under more blissful circumstances, Mr. Balfour and the Conservative Party will meet again.

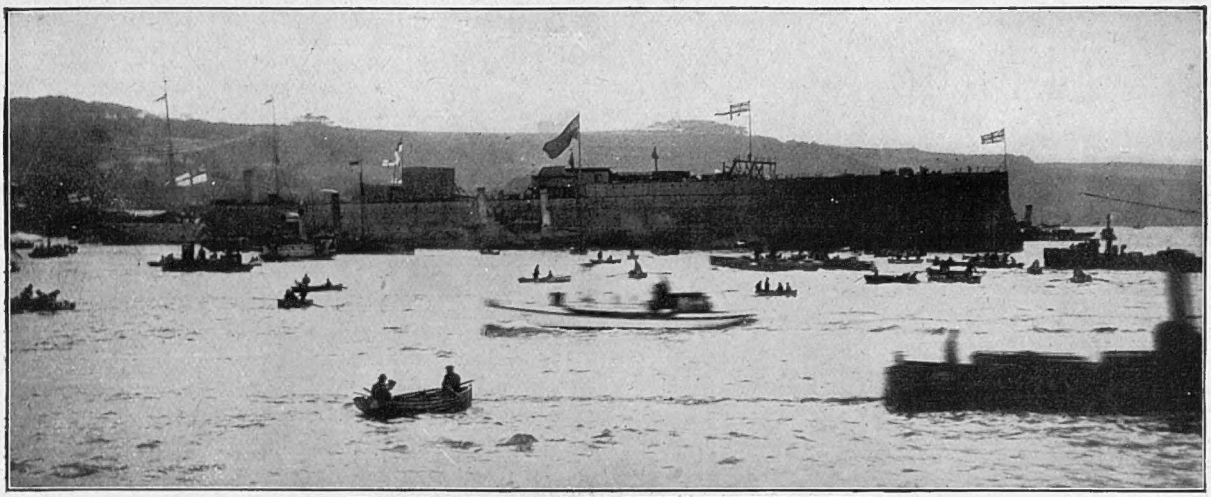
***

TO speak of the actual circumstances under which B. did G., the following circumstantial account reaches me from a trustworthy quarter: Balfour had to go just when he did go—and not a minute later—for the simple and sufficient reason that the War Chest was empty, save—metaphorically speaking—for a few inconspicuous fivers. The patriotic persons, who want to become personages, were tired of waiting, at cumulative expense, without coronets on their motor-cars, and handles in front of their names. They with the bank balances grow old. They see a constant stream of peerages, baronetcies, and knighthoods watering the Radical clover. Intolerable! B.M.G.

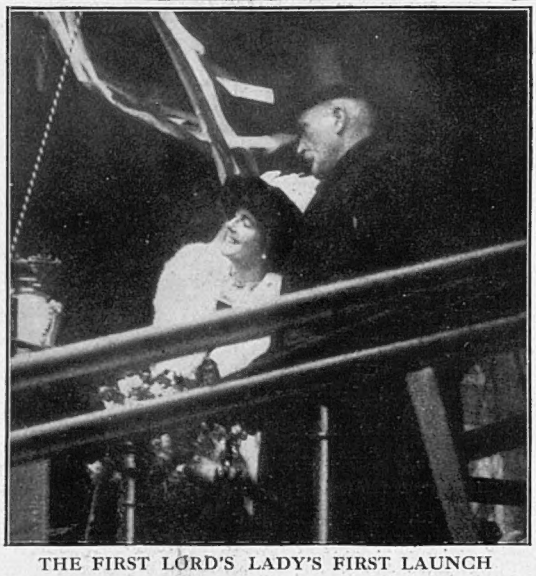
***

MR. STEEL-MAITLAND gallantly tried to save the situation—broke in upon Balfour practising Bach—demanded sacred right of signing cheques and generally managing the show. Position a little resembled that of inexperienced wife who, when warned that account was overdrawn, paid in a cheque to self. So was the passing of Balfour, and without the rapturous acknowledgment by "Joe" Lawrence of Buchanan's whiskey money—£10,000, in five instalments, spread over five years, to keep people grateful.

Another Aid to "Conversation"



H.M.S. "CENTURION"



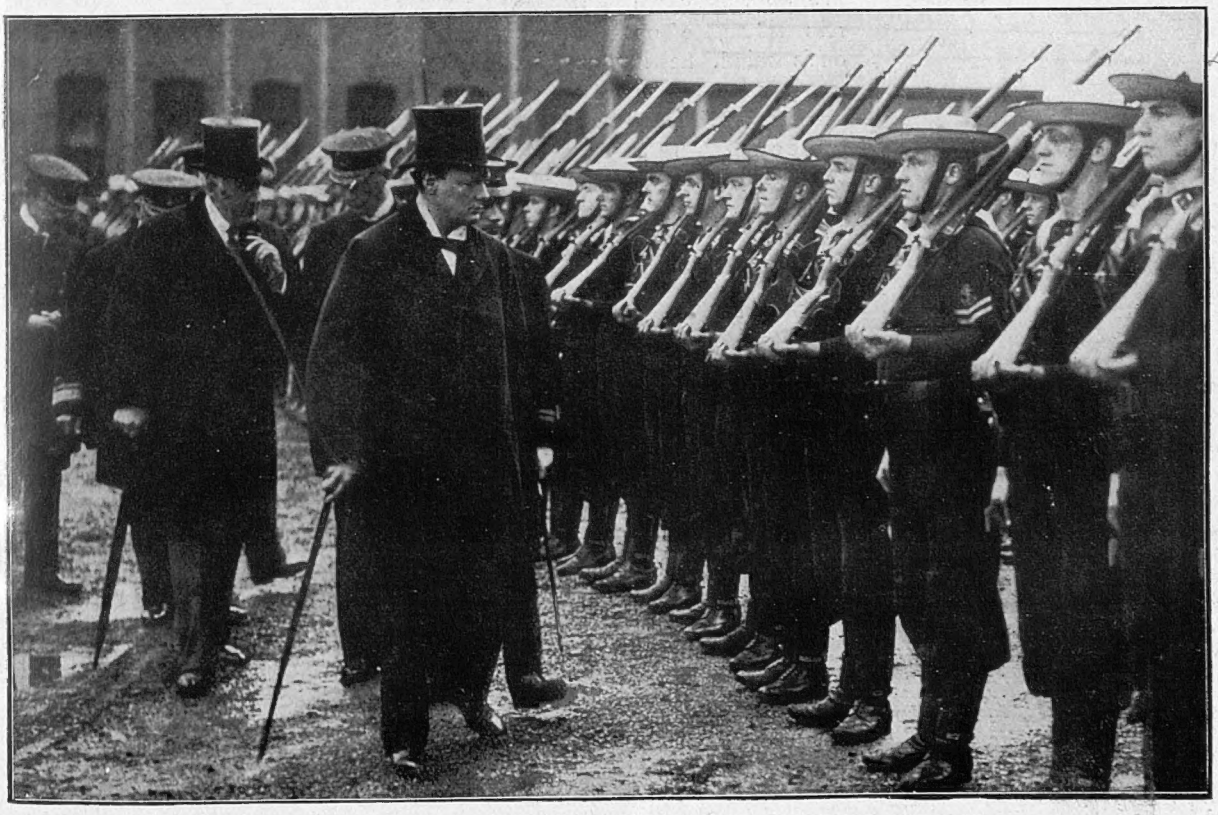
THE FIRST LORD'S LADY'S FIRST LAUNCH

AFTER THE LAUNCH

WRITING in THE BYSTANDER, with inside knowledge, in our issue of September 13 (p. 540), an anonymous contributor asked:

"*Who is to say that, were a Cabinet scratched together . . . they would agree as to any course of action? May we not show divided counsels up to the very field of battle itself?*"

What was known in September to the few is now revealed to the many. During the September crisis, there was a split in the Cabinet as to whether or not we should give France the needed military support in Belgium. Lord Haldane, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. George were in favour; Mr. McKenna and others against. The latter feared for the safety of the country if it depended on the Navy alone! Mr. Churchill's transfer to the Admiralty means, as we said in our issue of the 8th inst., a co-ordination of naval and military strategy.



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR

Our latest Super-Dreadnought, the "Centurion," was launched at Devonport last Saturday. Mrs. Winston Churchill, wife of the First Lord, performed the ceremony in the presence of some 15,000 persons who defied the rainy weather. The new warship has more armour built into her than any one before launched from a Government dockyard

Aux Lorgnettes

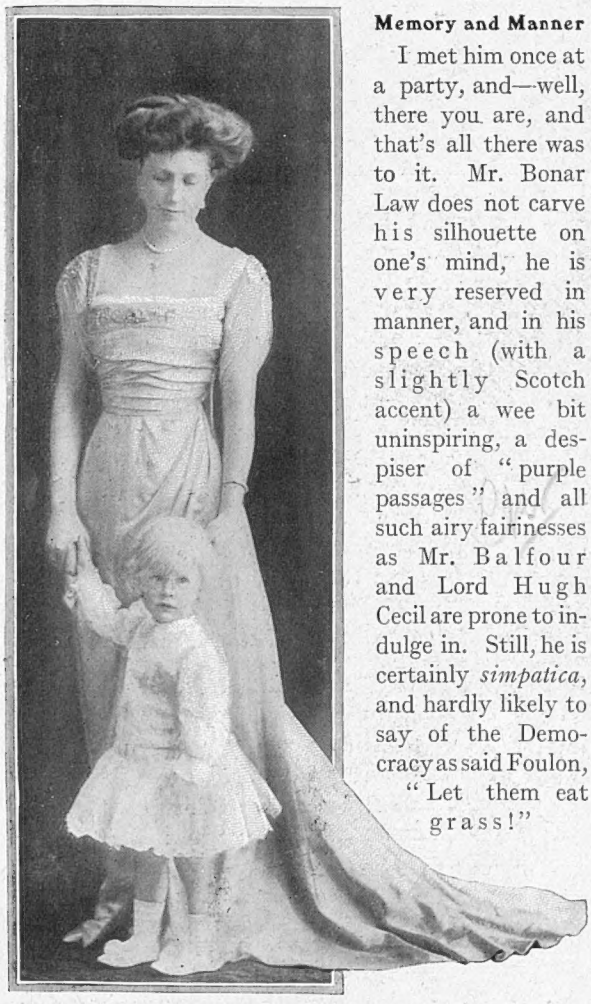
A BYSTANDER'S PEEPS AT PASSING PERSONALITIES

The New Opposition Leader

TO say of the Man of the Moment something not already, in a hundred appreciations, sketches, tributes, notes, paragraphs, said and well said during the past somewhat chatty fortnight, is, I fear, among the impossibilities. For the new Leader, all his worth, his strong personality, his undoubted political gifts, his reasonable, practical, latter-day Toryism notwithstanding, has yet to achieve popularity (or the other thing !), has yet to catch hold of the imagination of the people, to show inspiration as a leader of men, to wrap round him, in a word, that cloak of glamour so necessary to the successful statesman. Andrew Bonar Law, the man "with the mathematical mind," the "bloodless surgeon of debate," is self-made. The son of a Presbyterian minister, he went to a Glasgow grammar school, then into the iron trade, and thence into politics. He is a "total abstainer," he loves chess, and his golf handicap is either four or five. I understand that he *has* already lost that "worried look."

Memory and Manner

I met him once at a party, and—well, there you are, and that's all there was to it. Mr. Bonar Law does not carve his silhouette on one's mind, he is very reserved in manner, and in his speech (with a slightly Scotch accent) a wee bit uninspiring, a despiser of "purple passages" and all such airy fairinesses as Mr. Balfour and Lord Hugh Cecil are prone to indulge in. Still, he is certainly *simpatica*, and hardly likely to say of the Democracy as said Foulon, "Let them eat grass!"



Photograph *Speaight*

MRS. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

Leading lady of the Commons Liberal Unionists

Lady Doreen Long

The wife of Mr. Walter Long may be said to have escaped recently only by the skin of her teeth from becoming chief Opposition lady. Lady Doreen Long is of doubly Irish descent, for she is the daughter of the late Lord Cork, and her mother, Lady Cork, is a sister of Lord Clanricarde. It is more than thirty years since Lady Doreen married the head of one of the oldest of our West Country families, and her husband has since

Photograph] LADY DOREEN LONG [*Esmé Collings*

The leading lady of the Conservatives in the Commons

held office at the Local Government Board, on the Board of Agriculture, in Ireland as Chief Secretary, and at many Cabinet meetings, while he is universally popular, even though he does, when addressing the Commons, leave to the clever shorthand writers little matters like finishing up his sentences !

Mrs. Austen Chamberlain

The wife of the ex-Postmaster-General, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the cleverest son of the cleverest of famous fathers, was, of course, in the Opposition leading ladyship running, too, but the outcome of the race was more than probably a relief to Mrs. Austen Chamberlain, a soldier's daughter, who, on the birth of her son and heir a few years ago, openly avowed him dedicate not to politics, but the sword. When in London, "Mrs. Austen," *née* Miss Ivy Dundas, lives in Egerton Place, and their country place is Highbury, "the palace near Birmingham where Mr. Chamberlain lives like a Sybarite."

LADY CREWE WITH HER SON AND HEIR

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

(Photographed Together for the First Time)

A Versatile Duchess

The Duchess of Marlborough holds a position in London Society that can be described only by that much-derided adjective—unique. Her Grace, unaccompanied, of course, by the Duke, nevertheless entertains everyone, and cannot even run over to Paris for clothes without the fact being instantly paragraphed, while at the most exclusive houses her name stands top of the visiting-list.

Mistress of Sunderland House

Tall, quite strangely slim, with a very long neck that "carries off" the very last cry in hats and gowns and sumptuous furs, the Duchess has the tiniest face and features, and belongs to no recognisable English type. She looks very girlish as she moves about the great house, that is positively studded with powdered footmen, which her devoted father built for her in the very heart of Mayfair. Emblazoned everywhere are the Churchill arms, and at one end of the long, oak-panelled dining-room is a great picture of the mistress of the house, with, next her, the son and heir to all those magnificences—Blenheim, Sunderland House, pearls, yachts, and what-not—that the ever-increasing Vanderbilt millions have made famous. The Duchess's pet charity concerns the wives of prisoners, and for a whole day last week Sunderland House was thrown open for a sale of work, which was attended by half Society.

The Primrose Marchioness

Quite different, Lady Crewe goes about so very little that she is practically unknown except to her own friends, and though she appeared the other day at the wedding of her cousin, Lady Leconfield, she did so in the shade of a hat which almost completely covered her face. At a few of the more exclusive race-meetings, too, Lady Crewe may sometimes be met—often talking vivaciously to the King when His Majesty is present—but otherwise the wife of the leader of the Liberal Lords and Secretary of State for India takes not at all a prominent place in the Society of which she might, by all the rights of birth and place and breeding, be a bright particular star.

A Belated Heir

Lord Crewe had been married for twelve years to the daughter of Lord Rosebery, was father of married daughters (by his first wife), and also a grandfather before his son and heir (now photographed for the first time) made a welcome appearance last spring. It was, it will be remembered, only a few days after the precious infant's birth that a serious fire occurred at Crewe House, while Lord Crewe himself was suffering from a severe nervous breakdown. The Marchioness and her son had to be carried in blankets in the middle of the night from Crewe House to Lord Rosebery's residence in Berkeley Square; but the transfer happily effected neither, and Crewe House, one of the most delightful mansions in Mayfair, is now completely restored. Lord Crewe is now, of course, with the King as Minister-in-Attendance.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

(At a Sale of the Work of Prisoners' Wives at Sunderland House)

The Gloomy Dean

I don't know what motto the Dean of St. Paul's hangs over his decanal bedstead, but I'm sure it isn't Browning's "God's in his heaven; all's right with the world." About the opposite of that, in fact—which, if you come to think of it, is just a little odd for a pillar of the Church, isn't it? "What's the good of anyfink? Why, nuffink," would be nearer the mark. By the time he had finished his lecture to an assembly of admiring Churchwomen the other day there was practically not a rag left on the poor old world, which trembled, as it were, in its nakedness and utter exposure, before the stern eye of the omniscient Dean. How he made the diocesan ladies' flesh creep! Everything wrong (except the Dean). No great men (except, perhaps, the Dean). Trade gone, coal supply exhausted, working men spendthrifts (except, of course, the Dean, who labours for a mere living wage of £2,000 a year).

M. MAETERLINCK

Nobel Prizeman

Common-Room Omniscience

But Dr. Inge, who's been having a fling at everything, has some excuse for the distinctly donnish air of his remarks. He is a don, both of Oxford and Cambridge, and a schoolmaster into the bargain, and his past record—he is fifty-one now—is positively peppered with those 'Varsity prizes and medals which some hold to be, as much as proficiency at billiards, the token of a mis-spent youth. That is some extenuation, perhaps, of the gloomy omniscience of his lecture, which, though the nominal title was, "The Co-operation of the Church with the Spirit of the Age," might just as aptly, if not more so, have been labelled, "Settling the Destinies of Nations after the Second Glass of Common-room Port." He has not been long at St. Paul's, of course, though four or five years ago he was well known to London audien——congregations, I mean—as Vicar of All Saints, Ennismore Gardens.

DEAN INGE

"The Gloomy Dean"

The Blue (Oof) Bird

Why is it that they are so fond of awarding the Nobel Prize, which is of really substantial amount, to men with about as much of the world's goods as they can manage to cope with? The prize of £7,773 for literature, for instance, just bestowed on Maurice Maeterlinck! The "Belgian Shakespeare" and his wife—also known as Georgette Leblanc, the actress—are rich people, and have a charming old castle to live in, or out of, while Mme. Maeterlinck's gowns alone, smartest of the smart, would be "evidence of means" to the most hidebound of County Court Judges. Still, I do not think Maeterlinck will refuse the gift. The author of *The Blue Bird* has a very keen appreciation of the material things of life, eats hearty meals, at which he arrives with the punctuality of clockwork—and writes, therefore, as one might expect, mystically, mysteriously, of slim young things and pale, mysterious maidens!

The Empire in a Glass Case

It is really rather quaint that Lord Plymouth, one of the most artistic of men, should be finding the money for the purchase of—the Crystal Palace! He is an accomplished architect, having designed his own charming house in Mount Street—so it can hardly have been the construction of the thing that appealed to him; and though he is an enthusiastic art collector, I scarcely think even an auctioneer would class the Sydenham monstrosity under the head of *objets d'art*. What will he do with it? Cultivate the Empire under glass? Lord Plymouth, of course, can afford to buy practically any number of white elephants he likes, for he is a very rich man, with a most impressive income as a Welsh colliery and property-owner. He is married to the only daughter of Sir Augustus Paget, formerly Ambassador in Rome and Vienna.

EARL OF PLYMOUTH

"Saviour of the Crystal Palace"

SIR JOHN SIMON

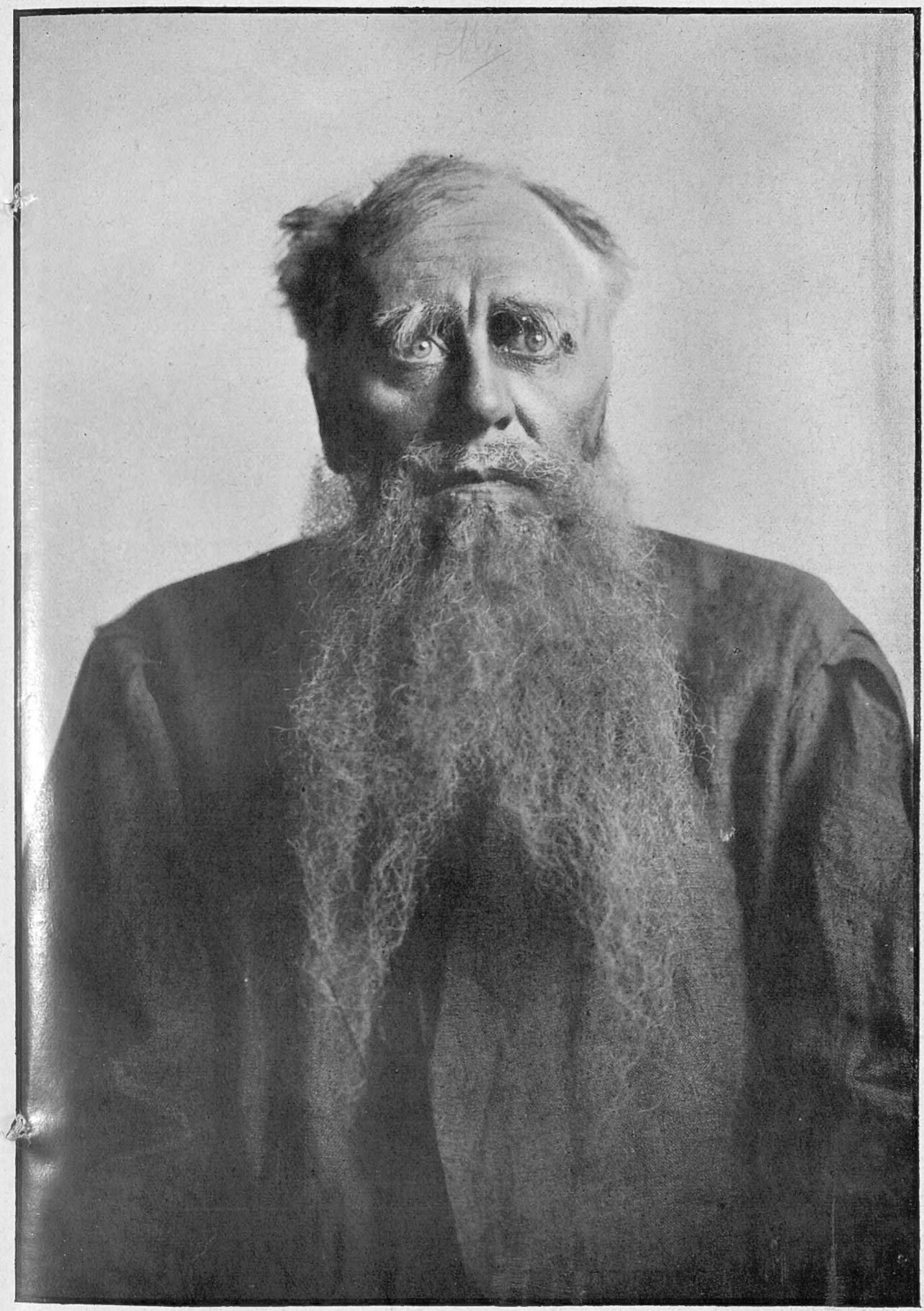
Now a Property-Owner

His Troubles Begin

Talking of property and purchases thereof, the Solicitor-General, Sir John Simon, has just bought a house in Oxfordshire. With characteristic quickness he gave telephonic instructions to secure the property, which he had not heard of a week before, and which he only saw on a hurried journey by motor-car just before the auction, but (though, perhaps, he himself does not know the fact) the price he gave was more than £1,000 less than that which another person, less prompt in action, was prepared to offer. Nevertheless, Sir John Simon is not in all respects to be congratulated, for his troubles will begin when he has to fill up Form 4 and Form 8.

"Lift not your hand on me who love you. Smite
Your enemy—yourself! Your iron heart
Smite till it melt to take the stamp of Christ."

—FRITHIOF IN "THE WAR GOD"



SIR HERBERT TREE AS FRITHIOF IN "THE WAR GOD" AT HIS MAJESTY'S

Mr. Israel Zangwill has placed Tolstoy on the stage in the person of Frithiof, and Bismarck in the person of Torgrir. The fierce duel between these men—between the gods of war and peace—is the theme of a remarkable blank verse drama

THE CROWN PRINCE COMEDY

WAS IT PLANNED BY THE KAISER?

THOSE of us who think we know the world of internal German politics are laughing a good deal in our sleeves just now. We wish these parts of our costume were as wide as those of the coats of China or the ladies' dresses of the 'seventies of the last century. For we have laughter and to spare over this affair of the Crown Prince's pantomime in the German Reichstag. Especially amusing is the unanimous attitude of the Press of all countries in regarding the affair as unpleasing to either the Emperor or Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg. The fact is people are not easily governed at the present period of grace either in Germany or elsewhere, and those who find it their business to carry out this tiresome work resort as of old to a little comedy now and then—a play or ruse which is only truly appreciated by the actors and a very small audience.

The many forces at work in German politics make these comedies take on the character of very elaborate intrigue when viewed from the stage side of the footlights, while to the eyes of Europe they often appear as simple, unaffected ebullitions of a high spirit or an unthinking, noble sentiment. In the present case I have not the slightest doubt that this little matter was arranged to serve several purposes. The Government of Germany believes, perhaps rightly, that it must rule the world. An immense army and a strong navy must, therefore, be always ready. But with a world inclined to the Socialistic ideal, with many difficult internal questions always quick to come to the front and delay supply, the nation requires a little stimulant before it will put its hand into its already rather empty pocket. For this purpose a violent dislike for another country makes a good display. But, at the same time, one must not get too close to war with one's neighbours if you wish to rule for the benefit of your people.

Thus when you have an Emperor whose long experience has taught him all the moves of the game, and a Crown Prince—with brothers—who is ready to enter into the spirit of the comedy in no half-hearted manner—you may get some such little scene as that of the Court box at the Reichstag which has surprised the lookers-on so exceedingly. But this attitude of astonishment, this delicate hinting of displeasure by the *Kölnische Zeitung*, or the *Frankfürter* official organ, makes one amused. It is all part of the good game which is to make the nation pay for its costly army and navy. For the moment, and perhaps longer, England is the object of dislike, the stalking-horse which shall enable the wily Imperial sportsman to make a good bag. But as it will not do to have too much of a row about it, the Emperor, who is not too old, takes the part of the wise and heavy father, and the Crown Prince, who is not too young, plays the rôle of the impulsive patriot who sees in all things English deep insult and disgrace. Again a little while, and a new comedy will have to be staged at the Theatre Royal, but the present play is in for a pretty good run, for it is admirably acted and well cast, it is designed on well-known and popular lines—and, I should say, there was money in it for the army and navy.

Perhaps there are those who may believe that I take too unfriendly a view of this sudden outpouring of the high spirit of the Crown Prince. Not in the least. I recognise that the business of reigning becomes more complicated and difficult with each passing year. The present race of heirs to thrones are trained more carefully than a winner of the St. Leger or a gentleman of the ring. Time was, and not so very long ago, when *if I were King* really implied that one would be able to do a few things that were nearest to one's heart's desire. Those days are over, and will not return in our time. Now the Emperor on his throne and the Prince in his palace are the not-over-well-paid servants of a vast number of rather disagreeable employers. The result is rather curious; the game is so deeply complicated that one is only allowed to glimpse at it occasionally in such passing shows as the Crown Prince's comedy.

AMICUS

Indiscreet Before His Time

THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE INFRINGES HIS FATHER'S COPYRIGHT

The heir of that most indiscreet monarch, the German Emperor, has suffered the penalty of being his father's son. His offence consists of having publicly demonstrated (in the Reichstag) his hostility towards Great Britain, and his disapproval of the Government's settlement with France over Morocco. By way of punishment he has had to apologise to the Imperial Chancellor, has been ordered to return to his regiment, and is being detained in his own house as a Royal prisoner for a few days. Verily, the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. Our picture shows the Prince wearing the famous uniform of the Death's Head Hussars which he was wearing at the time he made the demonstration in the Reichstag

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

IT is not true that, in view of their noble self-surrender, Mr. Carnegie has offered to build a special Hall of Heroes to contain the busts of Mr. Walter Long, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Sir Edward Carson, Lord Halsbury, and Mr. F. E. Smith.

* * *

Good luck to Mr. Bonar Law! We wish he were not called Law. It has enabled humorists to make a number of puns which, for their similarity and weakness, are almost unparalleled in the history of journalism. And we wish he were not called Andrew either—the name is so associated with free libraries. But we recognise that he could not help either of them—so good luck to him. We, at least, have not punned.

* * *

Men with drooping moustaches will be interested to hear that Mr. Bonar Law has "a somewhat drooping moustache." Yet—says the contemporary which states this fact—"there is iron in his character."

Men with drooping moustaches should be more than interested. They should be encouraged.

* * *

Of course, there is the "somewhat" to be considered. The degrees of droop count. But we have never been among those who thought that the only men of iron were those who, like the Kaiser, wore two little greased spikes on their upper lip.

* * *

The New York scavengers struck work last week, and there has been a good deal of rioting in consequence. Luckily, there was no "sympathetic" strike among New York reporters, who went about their business as usual.

* * *

"The name of the new play by Sophocles which has recently been unearthed is *Ichneutal*, or *The Trackers*." This should make it more popular even than the other plays of the dramatist with our Boy Scouts.

* * *

Queen Wilhelmina is selling a large portion of her library at the Hague. "Many of the books," says a Dutch correspondent, "belonged to Princess Frederica Wilhelmina of Prussia, who married, in 1775, William V. of Holland." Nasty, dusty things they must be, and we don't wonder the Queen is selling them. William V. was a fool not to.

* * *

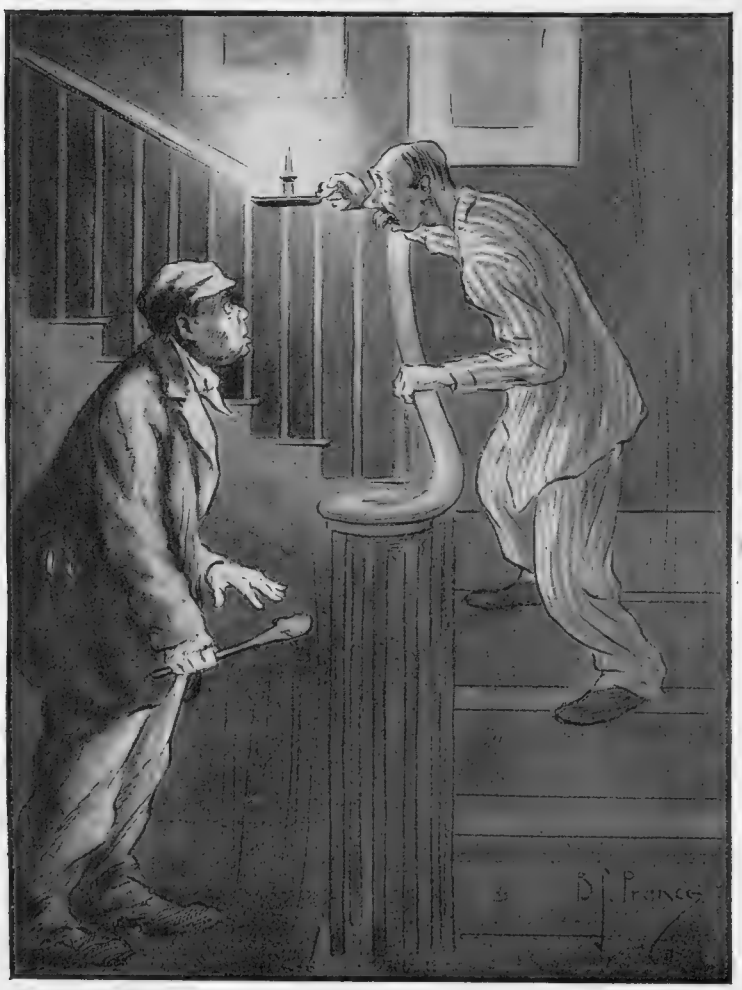
"But for his race," says the *Daily Mail*, "Sultan Ali Bin Hamud might pass for an Englishman." So, it is interesting to reflect, might Mr. Jack Johnson—but for his race.

* * *

Sultan Ali Bin Hamud is the Sultan of Zanzibar, who wishes to abdicate in favour of his five-year-old son. It seems rather like casting a reflection on kingship—by one who has tried it—and one cannot help thinking that the Sultan of Zanzibar would be wise to have a chat with the Kaiser—and the Crown Prince of Germany—before he decides that a small boy is a more suitable occupant of a throne than a grown-up man.

* * *

A Lancashire doctor has declared that a small-pox epidemic is due next year. This seems to make Mr. George's Insurance Bill more opportune than ever, especially as the licking-on of stamps by those already suffering from the disease is certain to distribute the germs through a house pretty thoroughly.



Householder: "By Jove, a real burglar! I say, just wait a minute, will you?"
Burglar: "While yer call a copper? I don't think!"
Householder: "No. Only while I call my wife. She's heard you every night for twenty years, and it'll be a real pleasure to her to see you at last"

The Imaginary Tribulations of a Juryman

Our irresponsible artist, Mr. Norman Morrow, depicts feelingly how serving on a jury differs in theory and fact

BY "JINGLE."

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

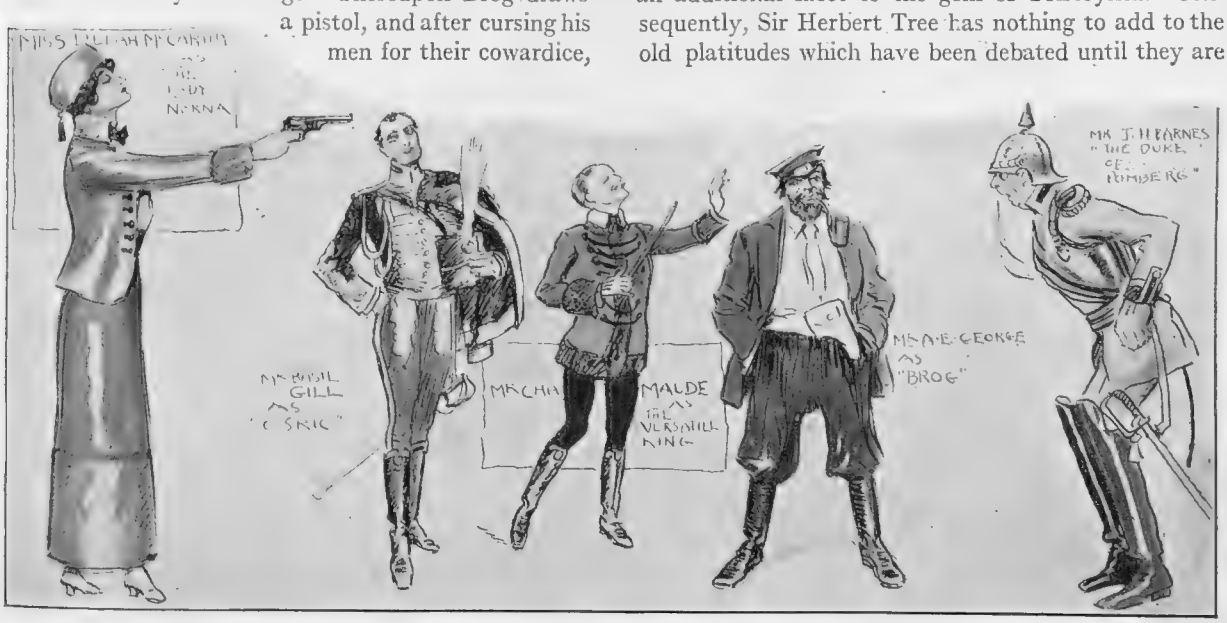
"THE WAR GOD" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE

MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL'S didactic allegory is a strange mixture of yesterday and to-morrow. Some of the characters have already lived and done their work under their own names—such as Prince von Bismarck, Count Leo Tolstoy, and William Morris, Esquire. The theme of the play is to show the undesirability of war, but to this extent it can only convert the converted. Everybody knows that war is a bad thing, but what can you do if the other people won't let you steal from them without making a fight for it? The War God in the piece is Count Torgrim, the Chancellor of the fanciful land of Gothia, which we recognise at once as a country with which, to quote the official formula, our relations are friendly. The Count's chief occupation is that of preparing his country for war by sea and land. In the latter case the enemy is Hunland, the thin disguise of another Power, with whom our relations are ent-entirely cordiale—(I have spoken about this sort of thing before, sir!—ED.). In the former case the enemy is Alba, whose white cliffs have long been the glory of her sons, especially when their welcome appearance on the sky-line denotes the speedy termination of an extremely emotional Channel passage. It must not be supposed, however, that Mr. Zangwill is giving us merely a discourse on current politics. These countries simply form an apology for the War God's existence, and justify his demand for the eight more Dreadnoughts, or whatever it is that he is so anxious to secure before the peace is officially broken.

While the Count is busy in his study maturing plans for war, there enters to him Count Frithiof, a nobleman wearing a long white beard, and the garb of a monk. There is no doubt as to the original of this character, especially when the War God rudely tells him that he is a traitor to his class and—his sex. This latter charge is obviously a reference to the real Count's suggestion, made some years ago, that there should be no more marrying nor giving in marriage, but that the human race should die out decently and automatically. In this he would seem to have been not only a traitor to his own sex, but to the other sex as well, because I feel sure the women would have had something to say about it if the suggestion had shown any sign of being carried out. This Tolstoyan part is played most impressively by Sir Herbert Tree, who is ideal as the apostle of non-resistance, his calm submissiveness forming a most effective foil to the professional bluster of the War God, represented with equal excellence in its way by Mr. Arthur Bourchier. It is the old story of the clash of the ideal with the real; the collision between the prophet of things as they should be with the God of things as they are. In a heated moment the War God challenges the prophet

to a duel, overlooking for the moment the fact that prophets seldom or never indulge in the luxury of a healthy, vulgar scuffle, and as an excuse for the proposed hostilities, he strikes the prophet on the left cheek with his glove. There is a singular beauty in the movement of the prophet in turning his other cheek to the smiter, an act which he performs with proper deliberation, and with perfect dignity; and with this, to my mind, supremely fine climax, the curtain falls on the first act.

Then there are those dreadful red-neck-tie Socialists, led by a gentleman named Brog, represented by Mr. A. E. George, who is made up to look like the late William Morris. The comparison seems to me hardly fair, because Morris, with all his amiable peculiarities, was not only a gentleman, but a poet of distinction, whereas Brog is a rough and unimaginative person of the type of the French *sans-culotte*. It appears that there was a prospect of a collision between the Socialist troops and the Royal army; but at the crucial moment Count Frithiof, the prophet, stood between the rebels and the Royal forces, and succeeded in convincing both sides that it is very wrong indeed to shoot horrid leaden bullets into a fellow-creature. The consequence is that there is no fight, and, as is usual, the blessed peacemaker gets roughly handled by both sides. In the refined way of the cultured statesman, the God of War suggests that it would be very convenient if Frithiof were involved in a fatal accident of some kind for which nobody could be blamed; but the rebels, with a less delicate idea of the decencies of debate, haul the prophet up to the mountains and stand him beside an open grave, and invite him to show cause why he should not die and be buried on the spot. The prophet makes a long and rather tiresome defence, which is only an aggravation of his fault; and then the firing squad is ordered to step forward. But the dignity of Frithiof, and his calm indifference in the presence of death, unnerve the marksmen so much that they miss him at a twenty-feet range. Thereupon Brog draws a pistol, and after cursing his men for their cowardice, fires at the prophet point-blank. The prophet totters from the shock, but otherwise he is still smiling when the shooting is done; and we are left to understand that the revolutionist's bullet has merely penetrated the Bible which Frithiof carries in a pocket over his heart, and has spent itself there. Then the Lady Norna, a distinguished aristocrat, who for reasons best known to herself is among the revolutionists, brings out her own pistol and drops the prophet at the first shot. I am not sure that I read rightly the meaning of the allegory at this juncture. Are we to understand that when women get the vote that is the short way they propose to adopt with male heretics, or is it possible that Norna, finding a mere man claiming a monopoly of the conversation, which everybody knows is the sole prerogative of women, loses patience and asserts the rights of her sex with a single shot? I must admit that in my view the prophet is rather unduly loquacious at the graveside; indeed, humane creature though I be, I could almost have found it in my heart to take a pot at him myself, if only to keep him quiet. Mr. Zangwill has given the prophet nothing new to say, nor has he succeeded in supplying an additional facet to the gem of Tolstoyism. Consequently, Sir Herbert Tree has nothing to add to the old platitudes which have been debated until they are



threadbare. You either are a non-resister or you are not. All the arguments in favour of both sides have been used up long ago, and if they are not convincing it seems to me there is nothing left but to fight about it. Nevertheless, I find an unusual power in Mr. Zangwill's play, which, indeed, left such a deep impression on me that when, on leaving the theatre, a stout old lady who was in a hurry to get to her carriage pushed me into the staircase, I manfully refrained from pushing her back. Abler pens than mine have pointed out the rents in Mr. Zangwill's dramatic garment, and yet I am bold enough to submit that this is a play that ought to be seen. It has its faults, and, unfortunately, tediousness is one of them; but one of the minor ones, only. Our philosophy teaches us that we learn not only by our own faults, but also by the faults of others. And Mr. Zangwill's faults have this distinguishing merit: that they could not have been made by the ordinary dramatist. I am afraid that in respect of this play I shall be considered as occupying a somewhat isolated position, but I cannot resist the conviction that (with a little judicious pruning) *The War God* is a piece of which we shall hear a good deal. JINGLE

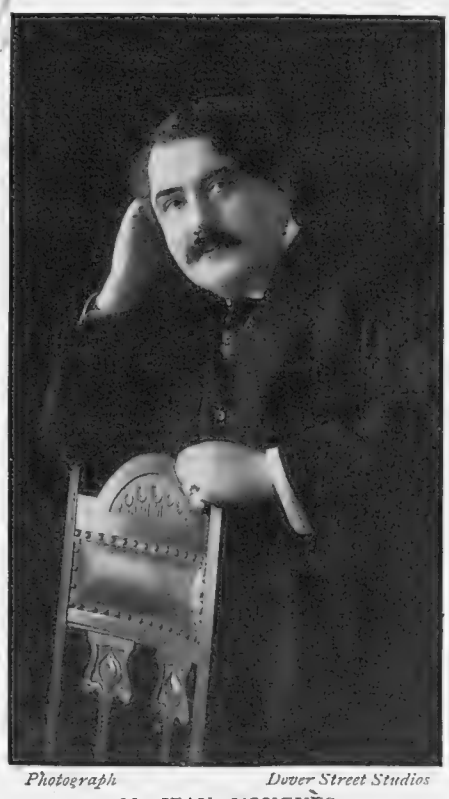
MATTERS MUSICAL

MR. HAMMERSTEIN'S FIRST BOW

MUSICAL London, as the journalists call it, is becoming intolerably monotonous. Wherever one goes, whomsoever one sees, there is always the same question: "How long do you give Hammerstein?" And according to the state of one's liver, one's purse, or one's view of Mr. Balfour's resignation, the answer comes as regularly: Six months; a year; two years. Indeed, one lady who was particularly delighted with the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty in China is reported to have said—five years. But that is an extreme instance.

The Musical Public

Whether Mr. Hammerstein fails or succeeds, however, is not at present my concern. What I want to emphasise most strongly is that neither his failure nor his success really affects the problem of English opera, in the sense that any inference can be drawn from them as to the establishment of a permanent opera in London. Mr. Hammerstein, by his decision to perform his operas in a language other than English, announces *ipso facto* his intention of appealing only to a comparatively wealthy, cosmopolitan section of society. If further proof were needed, we need only glance at the prices of his box-office. The musical public of London—I mean London, not Mayfair—is poor, as has been proved over and over again. With the best will in the world it cannot afford to pay the prices which Mr. Hammerstein, from the nature of his enterprise, is forced to ask. Nor is it possible that any opera can really be established unless the performances are given in the vernacular. There is a great deal of ignorance and prejudice on this point. People talk as if conditions in London were unique, forgetting, if they ever knew, that precisely the same state of things prevailed at Vienna in the days of Mozart, at Dresden in the days of Weber, at Paris during the famous Gluck-Piccini controversy. Yet nobody dreams of maintaining now that German and French are unsuited to musical expression. In half a century or so our precious æsthetes and snobs will appear just as ridiculous as do now their Continental prototypes of a hundred years ago. I insist on this point because I know, if the London Opera House is a failure, people will again raise the imbecile cry of the impossibility of English opera.



Photograph *Dover Street Studios*

M. JEAN NOUGUÈS

Composer of the opera, "Quo Vadis?" which has just been produced for the first time in England at the new London Opera House

The Opera "Quo Vadis?"

Whether the first experiment will prove successful I am doubtful. *Quo Vadis?* has enjoyed enormous popularity in Europe and America, and it may fulfil the management's expectations over here. There is some good scenery, an exciting, well stage-managed episode in the Coliseum, a sadly respectable orgy at Nero's Palace, and the spectacle of St. Peter arriving at Rome *à la* Lohengrin. These things may draw the public. But to artistic merit I cannot see that the opera lays any special claim. Henri Cain's version of Sinkiewicz's famous novel is childish, and, as it stands, almost unintelligible. About Nougués' music, the less said the better. The general effect of it was that of dreary somnolence, broken by intervals of curiosity when one asked oneself with mild interest: "Now where have I heard that before?" The score is full of Wagner, Puccini, elementary Debussy, and Gounod at his slimiest. If I had to single out the best number I should say that it was Petronius's song at the end of the first act. But, then, Petronius was played by Renaud, who, though his voice is not quite what it was, remains a great artist, with fine style and of infinite resource. Indeed, his performance and Mlle. Vallandri's hair (guaranteed genuine by the Press) provide the two pleasant recollections of a not very exhilarating evening. FRANCIS TOYE

Youth's Rare Promise

MISS LAURA COWIE'S SUCCESSFUL NOVITIATE AT HIS MAJESTY'S

Miss Laura Cowie first attracted attention at His Majesty's, and her name has been more or less associated with the theatre since. She is both beautiful and talented, and is a real acquisition to the stage. Besides playing Princess Elsa at the special matinées of Israel Zangwill's new play, "The War God," Miss Cowie also appears in "Macbeth" at the evening performances

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY R. G. MATHEWS AND AUTOGRAPHED BY MISS COWIE

Registered design]

PARIS SHOWS

et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

A FAMOUS CARICATURIST SNAPPED

"Sem," the famous French caricaturist, at work at Auteuil last Sunday week

GEORGE had just told a story. It was not a very wonderful story, but it was pretty good as stories go, and we had laughed at it. All of us had laughed—that is, except the two Frenchmen who were with us in the café. George had told the story in very excellent French, and there was no play upon words in it, or anything to make it incomprehensible or unfunny to a Frenchman. But the two Frenchmen did not laugh at it, and, when they were asked why, they explained that they didn't believe it was true. French people treat stories in that way.

Truth and Humour

FOR the habit of telling a story as a mere story and for the story's sake is purely Anglo-Saxon. The Frenchman does not tell stories, and not only that, he has no name for them. He calls them "*des histoires*," or "*des nouvelles*"—"history" or "news." The German is impervious to a good story too; but then, of course, the German's sense of humour revels in the kind of joke consisting of a bent pin placed point upwards in the chair on which you sit down. The Frenchman loves a pun, a repartee, or something rather rude—or quite. I asked our two French friends what form of humour Frenchmen had to take the place of the Englishman's stories. "*On se raconte des histoires des femmes*, and we tell them in the first person, of course. They are usually fiction, too," one of them answered. And the other man, a well-known humorist, nodded across the room, and said to his friend (who is an archæologist of note), "You know the history of forgotten Paris better than anyone I know—who is that lady over there?" Strange how different the wit of different nations is, is it not?

All Sorts of Wit

AND it is quite extraordinary how things which shock us do not shock the French at all, and *vice versâ*. A French dramatic author, who is also a journalist, and who has travelled about a good deal, told me once that the thing which had shocked him more than anything else in London had been to see people kissing one another on the mouth in the public street and on the stage. "But there's nothing in it," I said. "They may be brothers and sisters, or fathers and daughters, or mothers and sons. English people don't kiss one another on both cheeks." "I know," said the Frenchman. "That's just what I find so shocking." Another thing which shocked my friend in England was the off-hand way in which Englishmen speak to their mothers. "I heard one say, 'Hullo, mother,' once," he told me. "I should liked to have kicked him." And when I told him that numbers of Englishmen habitually call their fathers "Sir" he refused altogether to believe it. "In France," he explained, "a father sometimes calls his son 'Monsieur.' This is usually a prelude to corporal punishment."

Improper English

I HAVE seen a good deal of nonsense recently in newspapers on both sides of the Channel about a wave of morality which is sweeping what people at home are fond of calling "French" plays out of the Paris theatres. There is nothing improper in *David Copperfield* in French, I admit. But, on the other hand, nobody would be more surprised than those two clever Parisians, Robert de Flers and G. A. De Caillavet, if you were to tell them that there was anything at all improper in *Papa*. For the French look on illegitimate marriage relationships as perfectly moral. I have tried for many years to find out what a Frenchman considers immoral on the stage, and I have never quite succeeded. But yesterday, when I mentioned this before him, Monsieur Tristan Bernard put me right. "The only thing that we consider immoral on the stage," he said, and his eyes twinkled wickedly, "is a bad play."

Immoral Plays

BUT I wonder where the French play—French in inverted commas play I mean—is going to stop now? Impropriety on the stage can, after all, only make an audience laugh when it is more or less unexpected and more or less unusual. I remember when the fact that a man undressed behind a screen on the stage in a farce amused all Paris for a long time because it was so improper and so unexpected. Nowadays most people in a French farce undress on the stage, and the audience only smiles wearily. Last year there were no farces without a bed in the second act. This year there are two people in the bed, sometimes there are more. And I am wondering what will tickle the Parisian's sense of humour from behind the footlights after we have had the bath and all its developments.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

What Then?

The Winter Palace Hotel, Cimiez, Nice, which has always been such a favourite with the best class of English and American families, has been greatly improved and enlarged since last season. A new wing has been constructed, thus increasing the number of rooms by forty, and a tennis court and skating rink have been added to the park, which is one of the finest on the coast. An up-to-date garage has also been provided. Mr. Joseph Agid has good reason to hope for a record season this winter.

The Bystander in Berlin

ON BUREAUCRATS AND CROWN PRINCES

A Blow for the Bureaucracy

The Kaiser is dethroned; his son, thirty-year-old Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, has grasped the sceptre; the Chancellor is dismissed; the Bureaucracy is extinct; there is full Parliamentarism with responsible Ministers; the Fleet is doubled; and war goes on merrily with England—such are the fruits of the Morocco Agreement, the Chancellor's speech, and the surprising demonstration of the Crown Prince in the Reichstag. That is, if the Berlin newspapers are right. But the dull truth is that none of these things has happened; that some of them have half happened; and that one or two may soon altogether happen. They result from the fact that the German bureaucracy has been dealt a terrible blow—at which the Berlin Bystander rejoices exceedingly.

A Great Delusion

The reason for rejoicing is that the collapse will kill the British delusion that Germany is supernaturally "efficient." The fact is that, except the Muscovite, there is no European bureaucracy less efficient than Germany's. The growth of Germany is not due to bureaucrats, but to the fecundity of German mammas, the droning of German pedagogues, and the painful thrift and industry of German young men. In fifty years Germany has had only one real statesman; and he, Bismarck, was no bureaucrat; but a half-trained Prussian squireen, who soundly despised his subordinate bureaucrats, and agreed with them in nought.

THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR, HERR VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, ARRIVING AT THE REICHSTAG

"The value of any policy depends not on the injury it does to another nation, but on the profit it brings to one's own." (Thank you, Excellency!—Ed. Bystander)

Barren Statesmen

The sole vice of Bethmann-Hollweg—all the rest is virtue—is that he is a bureaucrat. He is the son of a bureaucrat; his grandfather was a bureaucrat—you will find them all in reference books. They are suave, prudent, scholarly, virtuous, calm; and they write beautiful pointed Gothic hands. But there their statesmanship ends. They are as barren as Tripoli's hinterland, and quite as dry. They must have a Bismarck to water them into fertility, and Herr Kiderlen-Waechter, who tried, is himself only a diluted bureaucrat—and a still more diluted Bismarck.

A Popular Boor

Yet Kiderlen-Waechter is far less of a bureaucrat than Bethmann-Hollweg. He is rude, smokes an English pipe, and swills beer in Ambassadors' presences; screws up his face hideously when he is angry; and tells stories which—are not bureaucratic. Or diplomatic. Yet he is human, and the Berlin Bystander likes him. And Germans, though he blundered badly in Morocco, like him too; and reserve, somewhat unfairly, all their wrath for his bureaucrat chief.

A Breezy Prince

And now for the third actor in the comedy, Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm. Friedrich Wilhelm is no bureaucrat; he hates the tribe; and that is why he is angry. He is a healthy, unintellectual, ultra-English young man, who resents the "new Olmutz" sincerely, resents it as would a patriotic, uninstructed Bradford footballer who heard that some nigger Minister-Plenipotentiary had outwitted Sir Edward Grey. It is not true that the Prince is a wily aggressor bent on wresting the sceptre from feeble papa Wilhelm's hand. Such reasoning is beyond the mark. A healthy, ultra-English young sportsman who resents humiliation and likes fighting is fifty-fold more dangerous than a Machiavelian armchair schemer. And Friedrich Wilhelm is angry with England, and angrier with bureaucrat Bethmann.

Game for a Scrap

That is the truth of the "Kanzlerkrisis." But there is another, a more imperative truth. That is that the Reichstag protest means nothing but a demonstration against England, and a universal call to arms. The British "experts" who affirm that German statesmen will attack England regardless of the wishes of the peaceful nation are entirely mistaken. The converse is true. The German nation is far more inclined for a scrap with England than are the peaceful, paper-scribbling bureaucrats. And the disgust of the Reichstag parties is entirely due to the fact that bureaucrat Bethmann-Hollweg had not the nerve to throw a sword into the scale against England, and send obdurate M. Cambon downstairs.

PICTORIALITIES

FROM VARIOUS CORNERS OF THE EARTH

PRESIDENT TAFT AND SECRETARY MEYER REVIEWING THE U.S. FLEET FROM THE "MAYFLOWER"

Baron von Hertling

Herr Bassermann

Herr von Heydebrand

Dr. Wiemer

TERRIBLE IN WORDS IF NOT IN APPEARANCE: MEMBERS OF THE REICHSTAG WHO WERE PROMINENT IN THE ANTI-ENGLISH DEBATE

LOOKERS-ON NOT EVEN AT THE GAME: NEW YORKERS WATCHING BASEBALL SCORES

The baseball season is now in full swing in New York, and thousands who cannot go to the baseball field watch the scores on a large apparatus on Broadway in front of the office of the "New York Herald." The thoroughfare is densely crowded, and the police have all their work cut out to keep enough space for a line of traffic. The apparatus shows the complete progress of the game

Peeps at Royal Personages

THE OCTOGENARIAN EMPEROR

The Austrian Kaiser Franz-Joseph with Prince Leopold and Prince George of Bavaria, from a photograph taken last week

ENGAGED IN THE PROCESS OF LOOKING PLEASANT AT AND AWAY FROM THE CAMERA

FAR FROM THE MADDING REICHSTAG

The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany in hunting costume

A FAIR MEMBER OF THE BERLIN KENNEL CLUB

Princess Victoria of Schaumburg-Lippe (sister of the Kaiser) with two of her favourite dogs

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF POMERANIA

A hitherto unpublished portrait of Prince Eitel-Friedrich of Prussia, the Kaiser's portly but popular second son, who is now Governor of the metropolitan province of Pomerania

PRUSSIAN PRINCESSES WHO DESERVE TO BE BETTER KNOWN

The Princesses Stephanie and Marie of Hohenzollern with their father, Prince Karl. Princess Stephanie was born in 1895, and Princess Marie in 1896. Their mother is Princess Josephine of Belgium

Turco-Italian War

REMARKABLE DISPLAY OF ROPE-PULLING BY GALLANT TURKISH SAILORS

TURKISH BLUEJACKETS ON THE "HAMIDIEH" (PHOTOGRAPHED RECENTLY)

The Turkish fleet is occasionally to be seen at manœuvres, but since the war started has preserved a dignified attitude of neutrality. The "Hamidieh" is twenty-four years old. She displaces 6,700 tons, and her designed speed is thirteen knots. Turkey has eleven battleships (of which the "Hamidieh" is one), nine of them completed, five small battleships, five protected cruisers, five torpedo-gunboats, two gunboats, ten destroyers, and twelve torpedo-boats

Oddities Recorded by the Camera

WOODEN IMAGES IN THE WA LUM TEMPLE, CANTON

There are five hundred images in the temple. Legend has it that they were once bats, and that one day they were found crouching in the trunks of trees by a Chinese holy man, who converted them, transformed them into genii, and allotted to each one of them a place of worship in the temple

SHEPHERDS WHO TEND THEIR SHEEP ON STILTS

A photograph taken in the landes near Arcachon (France) showing the remarkable manner in which the local shepherds keep their flocks under observation. Arcachon is a popular seaside resort. The stilted shepherds are not the only attraction, for the local oyster-beds are justly renowned

The Critical Attitude

Applied to the Affairs of the World in General

By Ford Madox Hueffer

A TORY PLEA FOR HOME RULE

Fatal Ireland

Africa is the grave of reputations, and from there comes always something that is new; Ireland is the ruin of good men and great causes, and from her comes always an old story. There is about Ireland something that causes a madness akin to the African madness. You take a soldier and a gentleman of the type of Sidney, the sort of man who at Zutphen gives his water-bottle to a dying man, the very perfect gentle knight, the mirror of chivalry. You send him to Ireland and he becomes a robber and a low sneak thief, watching the murder of women before his eyes with a Christian complacency and a snobbish contentment. You take a soldier like Cromwell and make him turn his attention to Ireland, and he becomes an atrocious butcher. Why, the only decent Governor that we ever sent to Ireland was Lord Chesterfield, who is known only as a cold fop, the author of worldly letters to a bastard son. It is not that we need worry sentimentally over the murderers. I think we could contemplate Ireland with less humiliation if Cromwell had rooted out every Irishman. It would not matter much; they would be dead and gone and quiet in their graves, which would be better for their descendants. But the furiously interesting—the saddening thing is that it was the fop who made the only good Governor.

Why We Have Failed

That is really the point that ought to teach us humility—it ought to teach us that we should mind our own business. And really the domestic government of Ireland—that little remote island of the Western Seas—is none of our business. The essence of its problem is a geological fault. By some accident the flake of rocks that Ireland is, tailing off into the deeps of the Atlantic, contains not a trace of the minerals that are necessary for the building up of a successful modern State. It contains some marble—but we are an age of brick and ferro-concrete. That is really what it comes to. We cannot make Ireland pay. No one can make Ireland pay; then, for God's sake, as we have left still some Irish alive, let us leave them to starve in their own way. Let them have their abuses in their own way. We cannot prevent abuses, because we can only govern where there is money. We can govern where there is that by the simple expedient of fines, or of teaching the world how that money may be made to increase. But where there is no money fines do not count, and all that historically we have ever been able to try to take from the Irish is their lives, their lands, their cattle, and their Faith. And those last are the things that men fight to the death for. When it is merely a matter of money men grumble, hold in Trafalgar Square mass meeting after mass meeting, peddle away a constitution or so, and squeal vigorously in the last ditch, as all we Tories have been so discreditably doing in the last six months. But fight! We have not got a kick in us. It is only our pockets that have been in danger. If it had been our cattle, our homes, our lives, or, above all, our Faith, Mr. Asquith would have had another story to tell.

The Stupid Party

But we are a frightfully silly lot, we Tories. We have always been called the Stupid Party, and, by Jove! we are it. Why, we get even our party name from Ireland; why, we love the Irish so that we never can get past trying to treat them like naughty children—but when in the world have we ever been able to think about that poor and martyred land? Never. Never since Chesterfield, whom we sent there because he was a fop. Roughly speaking, we have treated them systematically, for the last century, to fire and the sword, and that, in all the disgusting muddle, has been the better way. The other party has, roughly speaking, given them constitutions and hanged them for objecting. For a Liberal cannot understand anyone objecting to a constitution—for him it is the Sin against the Holy Ghost, as long as the Constitution is one that can be jerrymandered to suit the party in the House. For the Liberals are the Clever Party. They are that. Their job is to keep in power, and splendidly the records of the last century show that they have done it.

Our Business

But we Tories really love the Irish—we love them as we love naughty children and lost causes—with a deep, stupid, sentimental love. Only we cannot forget that it is our business to govern. It is: we are the ruling classes. It is our business to govern England, Scotland, Wales, the Isle of Man, the United States, Canada, Australia, and some other places. But not Ireland. There are limitations to every art, and you cannot govern Ireland. You could not even keep an Irish servant in order. You have no rewards to give that would move him; there are no punishments you can give that he can feel as a humiliation. The best that you can do is to win his loyalty, and then he will die for you. This is a very profound truth. For we do not for the moment govern the United States; all we do is to squeal in the last ditch and grumble at our leaders, whilst the Liberals use the Irish to jerrymander the House of Lords, and will then use Home Rule to give them a permanent majority in the House of Commons. But we—we govern

nothing. Nevertheless, it is probable that in the year 2711 we shall be in power again, if the Permanent Liberal Government have not by that date leased these islands to Prussia under the suzerainty of a permanent Liberal Front Bench.

Our Sentimentality

Yes, it is our business to govern—but not Ireland. When the late Mr. Gladstone—who was a Tory traitor—introduced the first Home Rule Bill, he had simply realised that great fact. He had thrown up the sponge, as we ought to have done years before. But he was a Tory traitor, and we had to "go for" him. That was perfectly proper, but we ought not to have gone for his Bill. (We are, you see, the stupid party because we are the sentimental party. We were not going to have any truck with the devil.) Only, in this case, as they say in Ireland, a blind hen had found a pea. For what possible objection was there to Home Rule? Rome Rule? But the poor devils fought, for us, well enough—the poor Papists—at the Battle of the Boyne. German dominion? But it was to keep out some sort of Germans that they fought then—for our sakes. For in the end we are Tories—not Conservatives, that most hideous of all words. We are Tories, and it was for us these men's fathers were harried, these men's mothers were murdered all through the days of the Stuarts, all through the days of the Georges. There was a day when we were not so tender for the Nonconformist succession and the Curse of Cromwell.

Vote Cadgers

Historically considered, Toryism has made two great opportunist mistakes in the course of the last twelve decades—three, if we include the throwing out of Mr. George's Budget by the Peers. By our senseless opposition to Napoleon we gave life to Prussia, the flail of the world. By our senseless opposition to Home Rule we flooded the party with Whigs that spawned upon us Democratic ideas. Democratic ideas! Whig place-hunters! What use have we for them? We are, you understand, speaking merely historically. Mr. Goschen was an excellent, quiet gentleman, but he ruined Consols, and makes the credit of the country shake to-day. Lord Hartington was a fine Whig and a perfectly honest gentleman. Neither of them could be suspected of merely seeking office. But Lord Hartington made us ridiculous by going to sleep in the House. Mr. Chamberlain was a magnificent debater, but he taught the party to cadge for votes, and forced the hand of his leader so that the Lords threw out that Budget. Yes, all those three politicians taught us the trick of cadging for votes. For what Tory now but says that the business of statesmanship is to promote the greatest good of the greatest number?

Our Cry

What Tory before the Whigs came over would have dared to talk such nonsense? For the business of Tory statesmanship is to secure the greatest good of the best elements in the community. That is just as good a party cry for a working-class audience, and it has the advantage of being honest. What is the good of saying that Tariff Reform will solve all social problems? It certainly will not, though it might help by steadying prices and hastening our Imperial federation. But we are paralysed by fear of the working man. And that paralysis came from Ireland—through our Whig "allies." We cannot get on if we try to spread the net in the sight of that particular bird, the working man. The working man is perfectly right, and he is not a silly fool. He may believe in the sincerity of the Left when the Left preaches the greatest good of all incompetent and whining working men, but he will not believe in the sincerity of a Right using those words. That is a theory like another, but it cannot be our cry. What we desire, what we stand for, is the greatest good of the competent working man and the blotting out of the incompetent. What the Whig desires is a margin of incompetent labour with which to keep the price of labour down. That is a simple, self-evident proposition that the working man can understand. He has intelligence enough to read the hearts of men, if only because he stands in the midst of the realities of life. It is no good our saying that we stand for Equality. We do not. We stand for a ruling class, recruited from the working-class just as often as the working-class produces a man good enough to become a ruler. If that is not a good enough cry to go to the country we do not want—we ought not to want—our side in office. We ought to disdain it.

A New Point of View

As it is, we have the miserable spectacle of Mr. Balfour, who is a great man and a great leader, being forced out of the leadership by the pusillanimous and office-hunting wing of the party, because he felt unable to put up miserable cries about anything that comes along in order to catch the working-class vote. And that is the direct consequence of Ireland. For Heaven's sake let us get Ireland cleared out of the way. We cannot rule Ireland, for we cannot understand what Ireland wants, for, of a real truth, what Ireland wants—and what England can never understand that every Irishman wants—is not wealth or an equal opportunity of wealth for every man, but an equal opportunity for every man for a romantic chance of distinction upon an Irish political theatre. But in the meantime the country is drifting to ruin because we will not let the Irish alone. I have had a singular experience. I was talking about Home Rule to the best Tory that I know. I wasn't looking at him, but suddenly I heard in his voice such deep emotion that I did look up. He had just said, "It would be too awful!" and I observed that he was as near to tears as a good Tory countryman could be. I said, "In the name of heaven, what would be too awful?" He replied, "What Ulster would do." I said, "What would they do?" He said, "They would harry the whole land from north to south. It would be too awful for the poor, lovable Irish." Now, there is a point of view! Is it not purely admirable? For, you see, we *cannot* let those distressful creatures alone. We cannot even let them get their own heads bitten off if they wish it. We are dismayed at the spectre of Mr. T. P. O'Connor's head carried on a charger before Sir Edward Carson up College Green! I suppose we could not get on without the cheap literature that Mr. O'Connor supplies to us.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

Next week Mr. Hueffer will Relate in Detail His Reasons for Advocating Home Rule in the Tory Interest

Keeper of the Conscience

OF OLD TORYISM WITHIN THE REJUVENATED UNIONIST PARTY

THE RT. HON. W. H. LONG, M.P.: AN AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAIT BY HAROLD SMITH

THOUGH both "wings" of the Unionist party have pooled their allegiance in Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Long was, and remains, the Tory, as distinct from the Whig-Unionist, candidate for Mr. Balfour's mantle. For our part, we believe Mr. Long would have been the strongest party leader, because he represents in himself the strongest of the Conservative elements—the Land and the Church. One of the most popular of all English landowners, he is a staunch Protestant, a sportsman, a rider to hounds, and a handsome, fine figure of a man, as straight in word and in deed as he is in limb. Attempts to belittle Mr. Long's fighting and speechmaking powers would probably prove as wrong as have been the doubts as to Mr. Law's. Mr. Long would, however, have carried on his back broader interests than does the adopted leader, and he has eloquence enough for the purpose of defending them in House and on platform. If the word "dull" is applied, it certainly fits his speeches no more than it does Mr. Law's. Mr. Long's chief advantage is that he is of good squire stock, and would, in the eyes of the Tory electors, have been a more refreshing change from Whig lawyers and a certain Welsh attorney than is the Glasgow ex-manufacturer who actually holds the lead. Nevertheless, Mr. Long's time will come. There is plenty of pure Toryism left in the party, despite certain strenuous efforts to Tariffy it out of all resemblance to its old self

SKETCHED AT THE GLOBE THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

A STEWART BEDSTEAD

Size 3 ft. by 6 ft. 6 in. **Price £5 : 5 : 0**

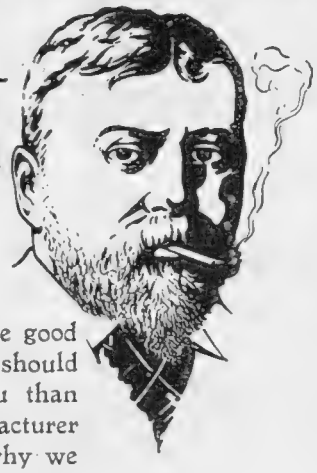
This bedstead is thoroughly well made in dark English walnut, and is characteristic of the Charles II. period. It bears the Heal mark of distinction and excellence, and is produced at a moderate price.

Write for our "Wood Bedsteads" Catalogue.

HEAL & SON
TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.

Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A. says

"The De Reszke Cigarettes are beautiful."



THE opinion of one good independent judge should count more with you than the word of manufacturer or dealer. That is why we prefer you to know beforehand that the "De Reszke" has met with enthusiastic approval from smokers of discrimination and refinement.

Two kinds. One quality only—the best.
Tenor (Turkish):
6/3 per 100; 3/4 per 50; 1/9 per 25
American:
5/3 per 100; 2/8 per 50; 1/4 per 25

Obtainable everywhere, or post free from J. MILLHOFF & CO., LTD., 17, Down Street, Piccadilly, London, W.

"De Reszke"
THE ARISTOCRAT OF CIGARETTES.

BE SURE TO SEE THE WORDS
"Pianola Piano"

It is the Pianola Piano that most people have in mind when they set out to buy a player piano. For the Pianola is the only instrument of its type that is endorsed by the world's great musicians. And the Pianola Piano far outsells all others. Yet—through a mere confusion of terms—it sometimes happens that people who ***think*** they are buying the Pianola Piano actually secure, instead, only an inferior imitation.

The Cause of Confusion.

The terms "Pianola" and "Pianola Piano" have become so commonly known—so widely accepted—***so standardised***—that many people suppose "Pianola" to mean ***any*** piano player and "Pianola Piano" to mean ***any*** piano with a player built into it. Very few of the Pianola Piano's imitators care to correct this mistake. Hence, if one does not learn the truth ***before*** one buys, one may purchase ***any*** player piano and believe, until too late, that one has bought the Pianola Piano itself.

THE NAME PIANOLA.

"Pianola Piano" does ***not*** mean ***any*** player piano. The word "Pianola" is a ***Trade Mark***—the name of ***one*** instrument made by only ***one*** Company. The Pianola Piano affords musical value and musical enjoyment impossible with any other instrument. The Piano part of the Pianola Piano is either the Steinway, Weber, or Steck piano. It is ***not*** a Pianola Piano unless the words "Pianola Piano" are actually on it.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE "B."

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

The Orchestrelle Co.,

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.I.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR

ÆOLIAN HALL,
135-6-7, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.
And at
PARIS, BERLIN, NEW YORK, MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, etc.

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

"Good Cheer"

It is rather strange, perhaps, that Mr. Frederick Hackwood's *Good Cheer: The Romance of Food and Feasting* (Fisher Unwin: 10*s.* 6*d.* net) should make no mention of one of the most famous feasts in all literature, but the unspeakable Trimalchio and his truly wonderful dishes find no place in the book, not even in the chapter devoted to the Roman banquet. Petronius, however, has just had an *edition-de-luxe* to himself, so we may forgive the omission. Otherwise Mr. Hackwood seems to have delved into many quaint places, and produced a more or less coherent, and certainly entertaining, account of food in its many aspects. We did not always use a knife and fork, nor did we dine at eight o'clock in the evening. In the old days we seem to have eaten considerably more than satisfies us to-day; but, then, we no longer drink two or three bottles of port in an evening. (Or if we do, we don't talk about it.) It seems that no sort of function can really be a success without a rather more elaborate meal than usual, and hence it follows that food and feeding must react largely on the national character—in what way Mr. Hackwood is at pains to expound. "Eating," he says, "does not consist in putting cold, greasy animal food into one's mouth. Eating consists of putting into the mouth—warm, juicy, thinnish or thickish, fat or lean, morsels of properly prepared food, precisely at the nick of time." We may let it go at that, and read Mr. Hackwood's book after enjoying one of those nice little dinners at—but we all have our favourite restaurant. And it will be well to remember that "aristology," which I cannot find in the dictionaries, has nothing to do with Bergson or Nietzsche, but is merely the art of dining well.

Photograph *Lafayette*

MISS MURIEL HINE

Whose new novel, "Earth" (John Lane: 6s.), is reviewed on page 404. The author's first novel, "Half in Earnest," suffered censorship at the hands of the libraries

A Fine Novel

The Artistic Temperament is a phenomenon which affects people in many curious ways. To those who haven't got it, and don't want it, it is a poisonous and utterly vile thing, a mere euphemism for gross selfishness. Quite grotesquely, it will suggest to their minds long hair and odd ties in a man, and dull enamel ornaments and a languid voice in a woman. To those, again, who haven't got it, but would like to have it, the artistic temperament is a baffling and infinitely desirable quality, which suggests, among other things, an infallible excuse for not paying one's debts, and for behaving without regard for other people's feelings. And, finally, to those who have it the artistic temperament is the "something which matters" or "the imperative summons to the completest self-expression," or, conversely, the easy definition adopted by the critics to explain something which they do not understand. In *Tante* (Arnold: 6*s.*), which I unhesitatingly place among the six best novels of the year, Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick unfolds with unerring skill the character of a world-famous pianist, Madame von Marwitz, who has this "artistic temperament" very strongly developed. All her life she has been petted and pampered and admired and adored. She is a figure who moves in large sweeps across the world. And she is incredibly, monstrously selfish. The book, indeed, is a magnificent study of selfishness. This Madame von Marwitz has a ward entirely devoted to her, a quiet, dreamy girl called Karen, who marries an English lawyer. Karen looks at the world through the eyes of her idol, and resents her husband's very natural dislike of a woman whom he regards as little better than an interfering busybody. For the pianist is endeavouring to interpose between husband and wife under the cloak of affection. Karen is torn between conflicting emotions. To her, Madame von Marwitz, or, as she affectionately calls her, Tante, is the most glorious woman who ever lived, and when her husband persists in his policy of allowing no one to come between

Harrods

OPEN

GOLF SCORER

(Registered Design).

JUST THE GIFT TO GOLFERS.

Fitted as a Card Case, with Memo Tablet and Pencil Complete.

Size 3¾in. by 2¼in.

Gold ... £10 0 0

Sterling Silver £1 5 0

Orders by post carefully executed.

CLOSED

HARRODS LTD RICHARD BURBIDGE MANAGING DIRECTOR BROMPTON Rd LONDON·S·W

FROM MR. EDWARD ARNOLD'S LIST.

NEW 6s. FICTION.

Big New Novel by the Author of "Franklin Kane."

TANTE

By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK.

"A notable achievement"—*Morning Post.*
"A remarkable piece of work."—*Standard.*
"A great work of art"—*Daily Graphic.*
"'Tante' is a remarkable novel, full of brilliant things and of beautiful things—the strongest work of a very distinguished writer."—*Manchester Guardian.*

A ROMANCE OF THE SIMPLE. By MARY J. H. SKRINE.

THE BRACKNELS. By FORREST REID.

MORE GHOST STORIES. By DR. M. R. JAMES.

"For the sporting household this will unquestionably prove the Christmas book of the season."—*Daily Telegraph.*

HANDLEY CROSS: or MR. JORROCKS'S HUNT

Illustrated by CECIL ALDIN.

With 24 Coloured Plates and 100 Black and White Illustrations. 2 Vols. Royal 8vo, **21s.** net. Edition de Luxe (250 only), **£3 3s.** net.

SCOTTISH GARDENS. By the Right Hon. Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart. With 32 Coloured Plates from Pastel Drawings especially done for this work by Miss M. G. W. Wilson. New edition. **7s. 6d.** net.

THE SPORT OF SHOOTING. By OWEN JONES. Author of "Ten Years of Game-Keeping," etc. With Illustrations. **10s. 6d.** net.

THE LIFE OF A TIGER. By S. EARDLEY-WILMOT. With 140 Illustrations. **7s. 6d.** net

"A book which is well worthy to be placed on the same shelf as the chronicle of Mowgli's adventures."—*Morning Post.*

THE GRAVEN PALM. A Manual of the Science of Palmistry. By MRS. ROBINSON. With 250 Illustrations. **10s. 6d.** net.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43, MADDOX STREET, W.

Heinemann's New 6/- Novels

N.B.—Mr. Heinemann has just published New Novels by Wm. DE MORGAN and E. F. BENSON.

A LIKELY STORY - - - - WM. DE MORGAN
JUGGERNAUT - - - - - - E. F. BENSON
ZULEIKA DOBSON - - - - - MAX BEERBOHM
LAURA - - - - - - - CAROLINE GROSVENOR
THE PILGRIM KAMANITA - - KARL GJELLERUP
LOVE LIKE THE SEA - - - J. E. PATTERSON
ESSENCE OF HONEYMOON - H. P. ROBINSON
THE SECRET GARDEN Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT
(Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Shuttle," &c. Beautifully illustrated in colour by CHARLES ROBINSON.)

IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS.

IN NORTHERN MISTS. By Dr. F. NANSEN. Fully Illustrated. With Maps, Plans, &c. Two Vols. 30s. net.

INDIA UNDER CURZON AND AFTER. By LOVAT FRASER. 2nd Imp. 16s. net.

THROUGH TRACKLESS LABRADOR. By H. HESKETH PRICHARD. Fully Illustrated. 15s. net.

LIFE OF J. McNEILL WHISTLER. By E. R. and J. PENNELL. Cheaper Edition, with new matter and Illustrations, 100 full-page plates. 12s. 6d. net.

THE BOOK OF BURIED TREASURE. By R. D. PAINE. Fully Illustrated. 10s. net.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF EDMUND GOSSE. 5s. net.

THE RAILWAY CONQUEST OF THE WORLD. By F. A. TALBOT. Fully Illustrated 6s. net.

CATHEDRAL CITIES OF ITALY. By W. W. COLLINS, R.I. With 36 plates in colour. 16s. net.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN GIBSON, R.A. Edited by T. MATTHEWS. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT. By P. B. SHELLEY. Illustrated in colour by CHAS. ROBINSON. Introduction by EDMUND GOSSE, LL.D. 15s. net.

THE RING OF THE NIBLUNG.

SIEGFRIED AND THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS. By RICHARD WAGNER. Illustrated in colour by ARTHUR RACKHAM. 15s. net.

Previously published uniform.

THE RHINEGOLD AND THE VALKYRIE. 15s. net.

THREE NEW AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

MY VAGABONDAGE. By J. E. PATTERSON. 2nd Imp. 8s. 6d. net.

HAIL AND FAREWELL. By GEORGE MOORE. 6s.

ONE OF THE MULTITUDE. By GEORGE ACORN Preface by A. C. BENSON, M.A. 6s.

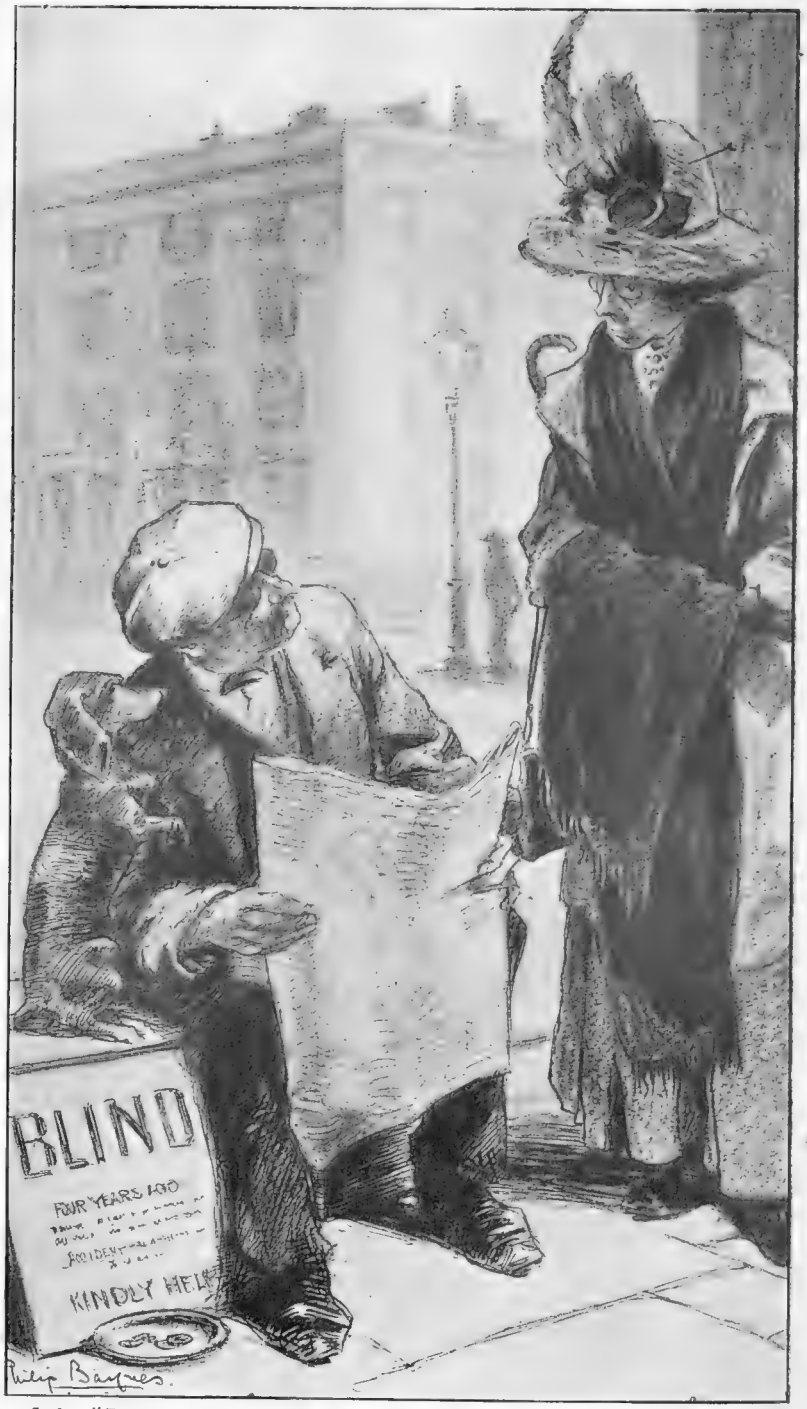
WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, London, W.C.

his wife and himself, Karen runs away. The pianist, however, occupied with her own affairs, is no longer so careful to hide her real feelings, and Karen gradually learns that her husband has been right. Here, indeed, is the whole story, and such is Miss Sedgwick's amazing mastery of her craft that one's sympathies are alternately with Madame von Marwitz, who, to her own way of thinking, is the most ill-used woman in the world, and with her enemies, who know her true history and the lies that she tells and the distortion she has always given to facts which might prejudice her in the eyes of her admirers. Never has the artistic temperament been so ruthlessly exposed to the philistine's gaze. *Tante* has the elements of a really great work. There is a chapter about the unpacking of Madame von Marwitz's wedding present which may be read many times, a chapter which effectually sits the book on a pedestal. It is a book which will go through many editions, because it is true and sincere. With this novel Miss Sedgwick takes her place definitely with the few writers whose work will be read, say, half a century ahead.

"Earth"

Muriel Hine's first novel, *Half in Earnest*, met with disapproval at the hands of the quaint gentlemen whose business it is to know what our families and ourselves should be permitted to read. My predecessor in THE BYSTANDER literary chair was, it will be remembered, one of the few critics to speak a word in favour of the novel. Her second novel, *Earth* (John Lane: 6*s.*), cannot run any risk of such censorship. It is a bright and interesting story of lively and charming people, about whom, as is meet, the writer understands a very great deal. Perhaps there are too many figures on her canvas, yet all react on the plot, and each is studied with a quiet grace of workmanship. *Earth* should have a success. Its heroine, Diana Cottar, is a lovable creature, with a jealous, pitiful mother. Whilst at Hyères with some cousins, she meets "The Ripple," otherwise Major Rill. They become great friends. The Major, a philanderer of not the pleasantest sort, kisses her one evening during a midnight frolic. She is angry, but in England admits that she is in love with him. They become engaged, but at her wish the engagement is secret. "The Ripple," however, has not wholly divorced himself from his former life, and is flirting with Esterella, the Italian wife of his friend, Jack Darrell. Esterella, in a moment of anger with her husband, whom she suspects of some intrigue, runs off to Major Rill's rooms. The Major is out, but it happens that Diana has been to the hotel where the Darrells were staying, learnt the truth, and, not knowing who the man is, has come round to her *fiancé's* rooms for his advice. Here is a dramatic situation. For the sake of Major Rill's honour, she determines to keep her knowledge to herself, and persuades Mrs. Darrell to return; but she cannot forgive the man. He goes away. Diana makes friends with John Ericsen, a distinguished painter, and he persuades her to forgive—to "give *earth*," as he puts it—and when at last Rill returns, she takes the painter's advice. Ericsen is by far the most pleasing of Muriel Hine's portraits, and it is to him that Diana owes her understanding of the Earth of the title. The story is skilfully constructed, and written with care.

RALPH STRAUS



Lady: "Reading the paper! You are an impudent fraud! I shall give you in charge"
"Blind" Man (politely): "Pardon me, ma'am, but the notice refers to the dog"

BY PHILIP BAYNES

BUCHANAN'S

Scotch Whisky

— BEST O' SPIRITS —

"BLACK & WHITE" BRAND

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE SECRET OF THE GARDEN

BY MARY FRASER

A TRAGEDY OF LOVE AND BOTANY

HE had greatly desired her. He had been stupid to consent to her betrothal to his nephew. Guiliano was a pleasure-seeking youth, one without taste and discernment; any woman was good enough for him. Fiametta was one of God's own creatures, daintily minded, daintily fashioned, a prize for a connoisseur.

Guido, Marquis d'Arletti was such a connoisseur. Forty years of age, a man who knew the world and those in it, love had been for him the pastime of an idle hour. He had gone through the years untouched, though the eyes of more than one woman had been the brighter for his coming. It had been experience, delightful and fascinating, but his love for Fiametta was something apart. Coldly cynical, treading the appointed path of a man of pleasure and fashion, he had not known before that his heart could sing at the coming of a woman. He knew it now; and must renunciation be his portion when life had yielded him so much? Fiametta was his own ward, and the promised bride of his nephew and his heir.

The Marquis d'Arletti paced the conservatory that he had built outside his villa in Florence. The villa was his favourite dwelling-place, though he possessed a palazzo in Rome. The conservatory was his joy and pride; in it he had arranged and classified his collection of tropical plants, trees and shrubs, and rare ferns he had brought from the East. Arletti was justly proud of his garden under glass; there was not another such in Italy.

He walked amongst his plants now, but to-night their foliage made no appeal to him. Fiametta had returned yesterday from the convent where she had been a month in retreat, seeking commune with her God, according to the custom of her sweet soul. Her guardian had not seen her to-day, but to-night he had sent for her.

Sheltered behind the oleander tree, he watched her come. Every movement of that graceful body gave him exquisite pleasure. What a picture she made, with her trailing draperies, and her dark hair wound simply about her head. As she came nearer he emerged from the shadows—smiling.

"Fiametta, you have been long away from Florence."

She bent in a curtsey as became his dignity and hers; she raised her head, and her eyes, with their serene outlook, met his own. "You sent for me. You wish to speak to me of Guiliano. He—he is not here?"

"He is not here. He is in Rome. Rome is a long way from Florence, Fiametta. Does it not seem to you sometimes as if Guiliano tarried greatly—in Rome?"

"He has affairs—the estate——"

"The estate is my estate, and that lies in the direction of Fiesole. Will you not sit, Fiametta? I have much to say to you."

There was a wicker lounge in the conservatory, surrounded by trees and short shrubs and plants, arranged on a stand that would display them to advantage. Their leaf and colour formed a fitting background for the rich, ripe beauty of a woman.

"Be seated, Fiametta," said the Marquis, and took his place beside her, touching her hand with his. "It is of Guiliano I would speak. Alas! it is but too true he has affairs in Rome. Affairs that lead to the spending of much money. Let us leave him there. Why should we trouble about him, you and I? Fiametta, my heart's care, have you never thought that perhaps I——? What merit has Guiliano that you should lavish love upon him? He is a boy, careless, thoughtless. He does not know how to love a woman, and I—Fiametta, will you not hear me?—I—I love you——"

"You!"

She shrank from him. On one side of the wicker lounge an oleander grew; the blossoms, brilliant in colour, were ready for plucking. A branch rested against Fiametta's shoulder; its familiarity annoyed Arletti; he stretched his hand to brush it to one side. His hand fell to her shoulder and rested there; he drew her near—and nearer.

"Mine is no boy's love," he whispered to her, "and I am not old. Young enough to worship, old enough to adore. Give up all thought of Guiliano; marry me instead. I want you, Fiametta, for that sweet soul of yours; for the hope that you can give me; for the faith you can restore; all that is best in me cries to all that is best in you."

"No! No!"

"He neglects you already. He is not here when he should be——"

"He is Guiliano, and I love him. He is young with me, and you——"

"He tarries with others in Rome. The marriage was arranged because of your fortune, which is the double of his."

"Ah! That——!"

"I have hurt you; let me heal the wound. I am rich. I can give you all a woman wants. Put him out of your thought and your heart. He is far away and I am here, worshipping you, adoring you, Fiametta!"

"I love him," was her answer. "I love him—not you."

She had risen to her feet; her eyes held aversion, distrust, and fear.

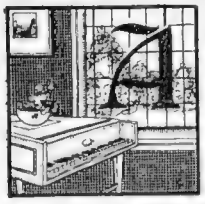
"I will go to my own apartment——"

"You will stay here with me. My pretty Fiametta, love like mine is madness in the blood; love like mine——"

(All rights strictly reserved)

UTILITY AND BEAUTY IN FURNITURE.

By "CURCULIO."



A FRIEND of mine who claims to be a man of taste has recently furnished himself a house with antiques. The result proves him to be a man, not only of taste, but also of a rare discrimination in all particulars save one. It is with this exception that I shall deal. My friend has, for instance, in his comparatively small Eighteenth-Century dining-room, three pieces—two of which take up considerable space—that fulfil no useful purpose. These are: a beautiful inlaid specimen of the early piano, known as "the square"; a handsome mahogany wine-cooler of Georgian days; and a well-preserved Chippendale knife-box. There are a few strings remaining in the square, but not a note of music, or, indeed, of sound; wine is no longer cooled in mahogany chests; and a Georgian knife-box is not accounted a suitable receptacle for Eduardian knives. And so these three

beautiful pieces of furniture remain mere useless derelicts among the appointments of his dining-room. When I point this out to him, he tells me that I utter heresies. Since the pieces are beautiful, it cannot be said that they fulfil no function; they rejoice the heart of the cultured beholder, and than that—according to my friend—there can be no higher function. It is an argument of sorts, I admit; but it cloaks a fallacy. Beauty in furniture should be its secondary, not its primary attribute. Utility must be considered first; where the two are blended the perfect is achieved. But the useless beautiful, whilst well enough in a museum, is out of place in a man's dwelling. Those three pieces rejoice my friend's eye. There is no reason why they should not continue to do so, no reason why they should not continue to embellish his room, and yet at the same time furnish it in the truer sense of the term. The square, for instance, might be converted into a writing-table; the wine-cooler into, say, a box for logs or even coal; the knife-box, perhaps, into a paper cabinet. Thus these handsome old pieces, besides being ornaments, would discharge some useful function.

There is an old-established firm of furniture-makers in London—Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher, of 217, 218, Tottenham Court Road—who have appreciated the force of this, and in whose extensive and splendid showrooms may be seen many an obsolete article of furniture carefully and cleverly adapted to modern requirements, and thus, whilst losing nothing of its original grace, it is launched upon a new career of utility. The results obtained by them in this branch of their art are highly interesting; scarcely less interesting are those obtained by them from a reversing of this process and adapting antique designs to furniture that is modern in every sense. Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher were the pioneers of the reproduction of the antique, and it is out of their profound intimacy with the designs of the old masters that they are enabled to turn out modern furniture of a grace and beauty that might have been created by any of the great Eighteenth-Century designers.

This feature alone—and after all it is merely a branch of their trade—renders their establishment well worth a visit, not only to those about to furnish, but to all who are interested in furniture for its own sake. If only I could induce the friend I have mentioned to pay them a visit, it is possible that the three pieces in his dining-room would cease to offend my utilitarian ideas by their beautiful uselessness.

Nervous Breakdown and The Remedy

SPERMINUM is the natural source of health and vital strength isolated and purified from organic bases. In the form of the Essence, Spermin acts as a **Reviver** of **Vital Energy**, and so stimulates healthy body juices which resist disease and retard vital decline. **Nervous Breakdown, Fatigue** from **Overwork**, and **Mental** and **Physical Exhaustion**, brought about by **Over-indulgence** in **Athletics**, will find a corrective in Poehl's Spermin Essence. It is of special **Curative Value** in all **Disorders** of the **Blood**, the **Nerves**, and the **Heart.**

Sold in original bottles, under the warranty of the ORGANO-THERAPEUTIC INSTITUTE of Professor VON POEHL & SONS, by all Chemists, at 8/6 per bottle.

Address for free literature—

A. & M. ZIMMERMANN,

(Dept. P) 3, Lloyd's Avenue,

:: :: London, E.C. :: ::

T.H.H.

W. EVANS & CO.

287, REGENT STREET, W.

Specialists in Riding and Hunting Kit.

FIELD.—"It is with some degree of confidence that we can recommend the breeches made by W. Evans & Co., 287, Regent Street, W. Any and every tailor will attempt breeches making, but the real artists are few and far between. Mr. Evans has made a study of breeches for many years, and takes an extraordinary amount of pains about fitting, and he certainly has solved the problem of how breeches should be made. Tightness at the knee, combined with great comfort all over, are very strong points with these breeches, and the cut is absolutely correct."

Hunting Coats	From	3½ Gns.
Riding and Shooting Coats ..	,,	2½ ,,
Golfing and Shooting Breeches	,,	1 ,,
Riding and Hunting Breeches ..	,,	£2 5 0

Large stock of materials for Home, Colonial, and Foreign wear always on view. Patterns, with easy forms for self-measures, will be sent post free to those who are unable to call, and a good fit is guaranteed without the necessity of coming to town.

FOUNDED NEARLY 30 YEARS.

287, Regent St., W. (few doors from Oxford Circus.)

(Continued from page 406)

She escaped him. Signorina di Valori wore a shawl, draped about her in the Venetian fashion. In his haste and his madness Arletti caught the shawl in his grasp, and drew it tightly about that slender throat. He kissed her, and his voice whispered mad love in her ear.

"I love you—I swear by the Saints——"

Fiametta's limbs were trembling; horrible fear shook her. She put her hand behind her, feeling for some support. She had hoped to hold the branch of some tree; but, instead, she only caught a few leaves of one of the plants in her grasp. They came away from the root in her hand, and she slipped and fell, and lay with the Venetian shawl gathered like a noose about her throat. Arletti still held one end of it in his hand, and in that moment he was a brute and not a man. His madness lasted for a moment only, and then the shawl was released.

The girl lay very still, and Arletti stooped over her; his passion had died to white ashes.

"Child, I did but frighten you."

There was no reply; wide open eyes stared into his; a little trickle of blood issued from that quivering mouth; one hand was carelessly flung across her breast; the leaves of the plant were crushed in it.

"Fiametta, I worship you, forgive——!"

Not a movement, barely a quiver of the limbs, merely stillness—the stillness of death. He knelt beside her; one hand lay on the floor, he lifted it in his. Was it his fancy; or, was the chill of death already there?

"Mother of God!" he cried. Despair gathered about his heart, for the truth came to him. She lay there dead before him—Fiametta whom he adored.

Quick, pattering footsteps sounded on the tesselated floor of the conservatory.

"Excellence! Is the Signorina ill?"

Carlos, his old butler, stood at his elbow. Arletti seized his arm.

"She is dead."

"Not possible, Excellence. I saw her myself half an hour ago."

"She is dead, and I have killed her. Send for the police."

"It is a faint. No more."

He knelt beside the dead girl and put his ear to her heart, he brought a mirror and held it above the parted lips. All useless; he was compelled to own that life had fled.

"Dead! It is unthinkable!"

"Dead!" said Arletti. "It was an accident, but it was my hand that killed her. I am ready to answer for it. Let the police come."

"Heaven forbid," said Carlos, and rose to his feet. "What is she but a woman. You are a man, and the head of your house; the Marquis d'Arletti cannot kill. Help me to carry her. It is night, and there is no moon. We will bury her in the garden, the poor, pretty thing."

. . . . . .

The disappearance of the Signorina di Valori was the subject of nine long days of gossip in Florence. Sympathy went out to Arletti, who was popular in a wide circle. His grief was obvious, and his story was corroborated by the testimony of his butler. The Signorina had been talking to the Senor in the conservatory; she had gone out into the garden to walk to the next villa, where her friend the Countess Scarletti lived, and whose house she used like her own. She had never returned. His Excellency had waited dinner for her, and she had not come. He had not been anxious until his return from the theatre, when the Signorina's maid had told him that her mistress was not in the house. The police had been summoned instantly, and inquiries had been set on foot, and nothing—absolutely nothing had been discovered; it was as if Fiametta had never been. The gossips exhausted themselves in conjecture, whispering to each other: "A lover; she has gone with someone, and Arletti holds his tongue for the sake of that young scamp, Guiliano, who was to have married her next month."

The days drew into weeks, and conjecture died. Guiliano remained in Rome with his "affair," and Arletti left Florence and travelled widely. He did not return until two years had passed; but when he came he entertained lavishly. The villa was filled with guests; he gave dinner party after dinner party. Florence had not known such a gay season since Arletti had been away.

The Marquis himself was not gay; but then Arletti was older than he had been two years ago, and he had lived his life. It was noticed that he did not attend the theatre as he had done once, and that his one pleasure seemed to lie in his care of his plants. He had contributed the result of his studies of tree life to several newspapers, and these had been read with interest by many who had not the honour to know the Marquis d'Arletti.

An Englishman had read these newspaper articles—a man who was an ardent botanist, and himself an authority on the grasses of his own country. William Taylor was a detective by profession, and he had been in Florence for the last six months on the track of some famous English heirlooms that were missing from their caskets. His business was secret, ostensibly he was a mild student of botany, pursuing his researches among the lemon groves of Fiesole. It was curiosity alone that led him to seek permission to visit the collection of plants in the palm-house of the Arletti villa; it was gratified vanity that led Arletti to exhibit his plants himself.

"You have here a fine collection, Excellence," said the Englishman enviously; these rich men could spend money and time on their enthusiasms.

"I will show you my treasure," said Arletti, amiably. "I have been obliged to change its position lately; it was drooping visibly, though for years it had flourished in that especial corner. However, I have brought it to the light, and now you see."

There was pride in his gesture as he indicated the treasure of the collection.

"Excuse me," said the detective, peering at it through his eyeglass; "am I wrong? The *Ocymum viride*, is it not?"

"Quite right, quite right," said Arletti; "do you know it? I brought the seed with me from Bombay. There is not another plant like this in Italy. The care it requires is enormous; it grows under glass only, as you see."

"Are you sure of that?" said the detective.

"I am convinced of it. If there had been another of its kind in Italy I should have heard of it. It has

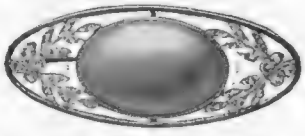
(Continued on page 410)

"JADEITE"
(CHINESE JADE)

THE most fascinating of all the precious stones of the East is Chinese Jade, which is the rarest and most unique of all stones of a like description. It differs from ordinary jade, now so popular, in its extreme rarity, also in the delightful tones of its colouring. The most highly prized is the **emerald green tint**, in which is accentuated the mysterious symbolism of the East.

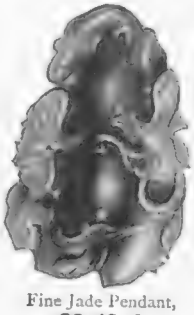
It can be obtained carved according to Oriental taste, or obeying the more modern dictates of present fashion. It is unique and distinctive, and makes a charming change from other jewellery.

Inspection gladly invited—it will repay the giver, and please the recipient.



Jade and Diamond Brooch,
£10 10 0

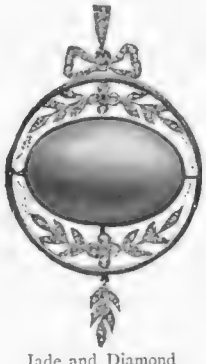
Jade and Pearl Earrings,
£6 15 0 pair.



Fine Jade Pendant,
£9 10 0

Jade and Pearl Earrings,
£5 15 0 pair.

Jade Drop Earrings,
£3 15 0 the pair.



Jade and Diamond Pendant,
£11 10 0

Jade Drop Earrings,
£3 15 0 the pair.

Booklet free, and goods sent on approval on receipt of references.

FRANK HYAMS, LTD.
128, New Bond Street
London, W.
FROM DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND.

Mr. James Douglas on the Terrors of Photography.

"Life as seen through the camera is very "ugly, very vulgar, very coarse, because "it is life with all the romance left out "snd nearly all the humanity. These "shadowy creatures are horribly unreal. "Their knees are forcibly bent, and their "feet are stiffly lifted in frozen postures. "The emotions fixed so violently on their "features are not complete. They are but "splinters of feeling, fragments of a mood. "We do not know whether these ghosts "are unhappy or merely in a hurry, stupid "or merely bored, idiotic or merely tired. "But they seldom seem important, or "brave, or beautiful." (*In "London Opinion."*)

The popularity of Kinora Motion Photographs in aristocratic and Society circles is due to the fact that all the ugliness attributed by Mr. Douglas to ordinary photography is eliminated from

THE PERFECT LIVING PORTRAIT

In Town or Country houses, at receptions, conversaziones, at Golf Clubs and wherever Society meets, Kinora Portraits and pictures from the Kinora Library are shown and appreciated.

The Kinora in which Motion Photographs are viewed. Made in various models, costing from **15s.**

At the
Kinora Studio
(BOND'S LTD.)
138, New Bond St.,
Motion Portraits of inimitable beauty are taken daily.

For particulars and specimens ask for the beautiful Kinora Child-Portrait book gratis at the Studio, or sent Post Free.

BOND'S LIMITED,
138, NEW BOND STREET,
LONDON, W.

The Kinora is on view at, and appointments for Sittings can be booked with, Messrs. Hamley's, 200-202, Regent Street, W., 512, Oxford Street, W., 86-87, High Holborn, W.C., and branches.

(Continued from page 408)

peculiar properties, as you may know. If I could only persuade it to grow out of doors, I might be regarded as a benefactor in the neighbourhood. It is efficacious in cases of malaria, you know."

The detective stepped back from his inspection of the plant; his eyes showed a gleam of professional curiosity.

"I must venture to contradict your Excellency," he said; "this plant is growing, not as vigorously as it grows here; but still it is growing in the open air. At your Excellency's own door, as it were, in the lemon grove at the bottom of the garden."

"In—the—lemon—grove?"

Arletti laughed; it was the laugh of annoyance. The detective understood that he did not relish contradiction on the subject of his pet hobby.

"If your Excellency will give yourself the trouble to come into the garden with me——?"

"In the lemon grove? It is—not possible."

"It is a fact," cried the detective. "Marquis, allow me to show you——"

He was persistent. With a shrug of his shoulders Arletti walked with him towards the door of the conservatory. There he paused.

"I do not believe it for a moment," he said. "It is probably some plant with a similar leaf. I have studied this subject for years; it is impossible that I could be mistaken. The plant requires tropical heat to bring it to perfection. The wind blows through the lemon grove."

"Come and see," said William Taylor, impatiently, speaking as one expert may speak to another. "The plant is there without a doubt."

They walked in silence, turning now to the right, now to the left, making a *détour* of some length. Arletti walked slowly. Finally he stopped in the pathway and looked at his watch.

"I am afraid I must ask you to excuse me. I have an appointment; your conversation has been so interesting that I forgot the time. Will you make your own examination and report to me later on?"

"But we are close upon it," said the detective.

"I am sorry; the appointment is important. Be assured that I shall give you all the credit of the discovery. Excuse me that I leave you. *A riverderci!*"

He disappeared down a near pathway. He walked quickly; he did not look back. The detective stood looking after him, and curiosity grows upon what it feeds upon.

"Now—why?" he said.

He was a man accustomed to fit an answer to every question; but, though he brooded over this one for the extent of one whole day, he could not understand why the Marquis d'Arletti did not wish to discover that a specimen of a plant, rare in Europe, was growing with some luxuriance in his own garden.

Curiosity may play havoc with the mind of a detective suddenly set upon a new trail. William Taylor had no suspicion of what he should find in the garden when he made his way to the Villa Arletti at midnight, going secretly, taking precaution not to be observed.

It was dark in the lemon grove. The moon was but a faint crescent, and its rays did not penetrate the thick foliage of the trees. The detective trod lightly and loitered in the shadow as he saw a man digging at the root of a small plant that grew about a foot from the ground. The man was digging, hastily, feverishly, with more energy than the occasion would seem to warrant, for the root of the plant was surely not deep. The detective stepped into the light.

"So curiosity has brought you, as it has brought me, Excellence."

"*Sapristi!* What do you want? The lemon grove is private property. What are you doing here?"

"I had your permission to visit the garden. I also have a spade. I, too, would know how the root of the plant has come here. You will not refuse the aid of a fellow-botanist in your search."

He set his spade in the earth. Arletti caught his arm and held it.

"No!" he said.

"There is a reason, then, why I may not dig?"

"There is no reason; but why uproot a fine plant?"

"And what were you doing, Marquis?"

Arletti threw down his own spade. "I dig no further. I came through curiosity as you say. The root is deep-seated; the plant may remain there to live or die for me."

If he expected the other man to relinquish his self-imposed task he was disappointed. William Taylor bent to his work, and without absolute violence the other might not stop him. Arletti offered no violence; he stood quietly, looking on.

The Englishman's spade was sharp. He had turned a few handfuls of earth when, to his own surprise, something rattled against his spade. Stooping, he examined it, and a cry broke from him. A portion of the root of the plant had come away, and clutched about its stem were human fingers, and there, in the soil, was a woman's bangle, made of silver, with a few charms against ill-luck on a little silver chain.

Those fingers, bony and horrible, with the dried remnants of some brown matter that had once been human flesh clinging to them, were clasped round the stem of the holy basil, and, looking at them, William Taylor reconstructed the story of a forgotten crime. He remembered it all—the disappearance of the Signorina, the futile hue and cry, the mystery that remained unsolved. He looked at Arletti; but he was looking at the thing on the spade.

"They were such pretty fingers," said the Marquis, slowly. "I—I loved them."

There was no appeal in his voice. His secret had been dragged into the light—well, it was the inevitable end.

"You are of the police force," he said to the detective; "you can do your duty. Your discovery will receive the reward it deserves."

The Englishman looked at him for a moment, and then he turned from him, and, stooping, he replaced the skeleton hand in the earth. Arletti watched him shovel the soil about the root and stem of the betraying plant; he saw him replace the turf so that the ground had the appearance of being undisturbed. His task finished, the detective stood leaning upon his spade.

"To die beloved," he said. "To be enshrined in memory! Fate is not so kind to every woman!"

He shouldered his spade without another glance at Arletti; he walked away from him, disappearing into the darkness that wrapped the lemon grove at night.

He was gone. The Marquis d'Arletti remained alone with his dead. His secret—his haunting, tormenting secret—was his still—to guard and keep.

MARY FRASER

YOUR RHEUMATISM

can be relieved as in the case of hundreds of other sufferers, without drugs or medicines if you will take

ANTURIC BATHS

a simple, harmless, and commonsense treatment following and assisting Nature's own methods. The cause of rheumatism is uric acid deposited in the system, which a short course of baths dissolves and expels through the pores of the skin, leaving the body free from pain and discomfort.

INTERESTING BOOKLET

Explaining the source and stages of the complaint and the method of treatment

FREE ON APPLICATION

ANTURIC SALTS, Ltd. (Dep. B.),
379, STRAND, LONDON.

Wholesale Agents:
Rocke, Tompsitt & Co., 4, Redcross Street, E.C.

Craven Extra Mild

CRAVEN EXTRA MILD realises the connoisseur's dream of a perfectly mild tobacco possessing all the charm of Craven with an extra mild taste.

CRAVEN EXTRA MILD is beautifully mild and cool; yet wonderfully sweet and delicate. It is sold under Carreras' guarantee to refund the money to any smoker who, after buying an ounce and smoking a pipeful from the same, finds it is not as represented and returns the packet to Carreras, Ltd.

'Craven Extra Mild' is pure, sun-sweetened tobacco that contains no artificial flavourings or scents of any kind.

Sold in 1 oz., 8d.; 2oz., 1/3; ¼ lb., 2/6; ½ lb., 5/-, air-tight tins. Also in cartridges in packets, 14 pipefuls, 8d.; 23 pipefuls, 1/3.

Our world-renowned Craven Mild in cartridges or loose, 2 oz., 1/3.

Of high-class tobacconists all over the world. If you cannot obtain it locally, write direct to our West End Depot, 7, Wardour Street, Leicester Square, London, W.

CARRERAS, Ltd., Arcadia Works, City Road, London, E.C. Estd. 1788.

"He had....a romantic notion that Africa might be civilised by the Arcadia Mixture." Chap. X.
"His idea was to paint Shakespeare smoking his first pipe of Arcadia Mixture." Chap. XIII.

NO MORE COLD PLATES

PLATES KEEP HOT
IN BENSON'S PLATE OVEN
FOR TABLE OR SIDEBOARD.

PRICES

TO HOLD 12 PLATES

Orichalcum or Copper	£5 5 0
Electro-Plate	7 7 0

TO HOLD 24 PLATES

Orichalcum or Copper	£7 7 0
Electro-Plate	10 10 0

To be had from the Sole Makers:

ORICHALCUM

(W. A. S. Benson & Co., Ltd.),

82 & 83, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

WORKSHOPS AT HAMMERSMITH.

Complete List of Table Ware in Silver, Electro-Plate and Orichalcum Sent Free on application.

UNIQUE RACE GAME

PLAYED WITH CARDS

Illustrated with Jockeys in Racing Colours

ORIGINAL & EXCITING.

FOR ANY NUMBER OF PLAYERS FROM 3 TO 12.

Just the Game for Parties LARGE or SMALL.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE

PRICE 2/-

THE PARKER GAMES Co LTD,
19 IVY LANE, LONDON, E.C.

Publishers of PIT, POP-IN-TAW, PASTINE PUZZLES, PAM Etc

Now, post free—Hamptons' new book

"SPECIMEN FURNISHING SCHEMES"

illustrating, in colour, the rooms of Hamptons' £450 Specimen House, together with a series of Estimates for Furnishing throughout for £250, £750 and £1000.

THE BEST BEDROOM.

	£	s.	d.
Mahogany Bedroom Suite consisting of: 6 ft. Wardrobe, 3 ft. 9 in. Dressing Table with 5 Drawers, 3 ft. 9 in. Washstand, Towel Horse, 3 Cane Seat Chairs.	48	10	0
6 ft. 6 in. Mahogany Bedstead	4	7	6
Spring Mattress	1	5	0
Hair Mattress	2	14	0
Canvas Overlay		4	6
4 ft. 6 in. Feather Bolster		10	0
2 Best Feather Pillows (10s. each)	1	0	0
Mahogany Bergere Settee with loose cushions in taffeta	6	0	0
Mahogany Bergere Arm Chair *en suite*	3	16	0
Mahogany Occasional Table	1	4	6
1 Double Set Toilet Ware	2	0	0
1 Toilet Vase with Cane Handle		3	3
1 Linen Basket		7	0
1 Pair of Rose Taffeta Curtains, lined, interlined and edged, also one gathered valance to match, with loops complete	4	7	6
Brass Curtain Rod and Fittings		3	6
Seamless Axminster Carpet, size 12 ft. 9 in. × 10 ft. 6 in.	5	12	0
Felt Surround to match		17	6
Satin finish Brass Fender	1	4	6
" " " Fire Irons		11	9
	£84	18	6

THE BEST BEDROOM OF HAMPTONS' £450 SCHEME FOR FURNISHING THROUGHOUT.

The actual room may be seen in the new Specimen House now on view at Hamptons.

Hampton & Sons Ltd. have no connection whatsoever with any other Furnishing House.

HAMPTONS
PALL MALL LONDON

Hamptons deliver to house within 30 miles, and pay carriage to any railway station in Great Britain or to any port in Ireland.

NOW OPEN.

THE NEW
WHITELEYS

It is the unswerving support by the British public of Whiteley's methods that has caused the building of this, the largest British Store in the World. This Store, though completely new, will be permeated with the characteristics so long associated with Whiteleys — courtesy, service, above all VALUE — and The New Whiteley's Prices will continue to be the lowest store prices in the Kingdom.

To all their customers and friends, to all visitors and sight-seers, Whiteleys extend a most hearty welcome to their great New Store.

WM. WHITELEY LTD.
QUEEN'S ROAD, LONDON, W.

ESTABLISHED 1818

HEERING'S
COPENHAGEN
CHERRY WHISKY
(DRY)

This Cherry Whisky is made with the Finest Danish Cherries and Old Matured Scotch Malt Whisky

ALL BRITISH MANUFACTURE

MOLASSINE

Dog & Puppy Cakes, Hound Terrier and Puppy Foods

QUITE DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHERS

THE ONLY FOODS THAT DOGS NEED

Sold by all Corn Merchants, Grocers, Stores and
THE MOLASSINE CO. LTD.
GREENWICH, S.E.
City Office: 23 Mark Lane, E.C.

THEY AID DIGESTION
KEEP DOGS HEALTHY AND THEIR COATS AND SKINS IN FINE CONDITION
ERADICATE WORMS AND ALL INTERNAL PARASITES
PREVENT DOGS FROM EMITTING UNPLEASANT ODOURS

Free from Drugs or Medicaments of any kind

MOLASSINE MEAL gives Horses Stamina

GAMES AND PASTIMES

THE KENT HOCKEY TEAM

THE ESSEX HOCKEY TEAM

In the county match between Kent and Essex at Goodmayes last week, Essex were leading at half time by 2—1, but went to pieces in the last twenty minutes and were beaten 4—2

HOCKEY

An Essex Grievance

Last week, in an article dealing with the conflicting claims of Club and County in Rugby football, I referred incidentally to the healthy condition of County Hockey as compared with County "Rugger," and stated that the officials of the various hockey County Associations "are for the most part keen and energetic." I said "for the most part" advisedly, for, even in hockey official keenness is by no means universal; and I regret to find that a case of "the other thing" has occurred only recently in one of the home counties—Essex to wit. In the early part of the season it is customary for each county to arrange trial games with a view to strengthening, and unearthing fresh talent for, the county team or teams, for some counties find it possible to run a second or "A" team as well as the county team proper. The teams for these county trials are, of course, made up mainly, though not of necessity exclusively, of men who are candidates for county honours; but if there are not a sufficient number of these aspirants to supply two complete teams the deficit can, as a rule, be made up by players who have already represented the county, and whose presence often acts as "the leaven which leaveneth the whole lump," by knitting the teams together and inspiring the trial men with the desire to "live up to" the company in which they find themselves.

KENT INTERCEPTING AN ESSEX PLAYER'S PASS

Why Was the County Trial Dropped?

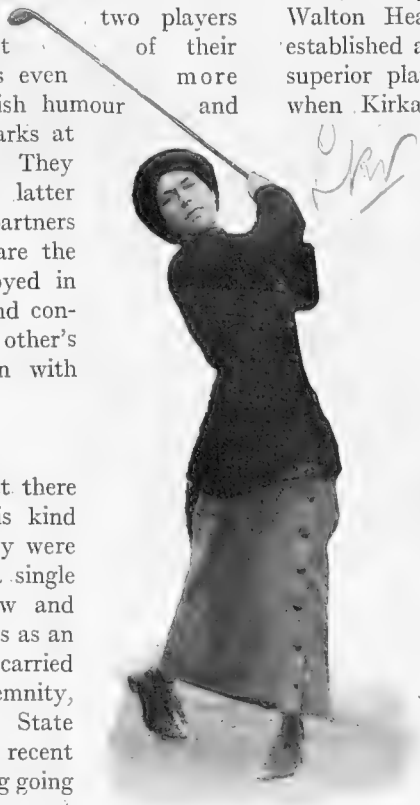
In the case of Essex this season, the usual trial match was arranged for, but when the time for holding it drew near an inquiry as to when and where it was coming off elicited the information that it had been dropped. The reason given for this was that the county executive had only received the names of some twelve or thirteen players who were worth a trial, and that, therefore, there were not enough to form two elevens. Now, there is no doubt whatever that from the whole of the county the remaining vacancies could have been filled. It might, and probably would, have entailed some trouble. It would have involved writing to players who did not feel called upon to volunteer to play, but would have been willing to play if asked. There are plenty of keen men in the county who, though not quite good enough for places in the county team itself, would be quite willing to "have a dash" in a county trial for the mere sake of giving others a chance, and thereby doing their county and the game a good turn. But as it is, there are a dozen or more players in Essex who apparently were "born to blush unseen" and have a legitimate grievance in the fact that they are fated to live and play hockey in a county where rising talent gets no recognition. Essex played their first county match last Wednesday against Kent, and were beaten by four goals to two. They are not, we know, reckoned among the strongest of the home counties, and were hardly expected to beat Kent; but they were by no means out of it, and who knows whether they might not have done even better if the rising talent which is waiting for recognition had been given a chance of showing what it can do in a trial?

GOLF

The Sayers-Kirkaldy Match

The genius to whom occurred the luminous idea of promoting a match on Southern links between those two famous veterans, Ben Sayers and Andrew Kirkaldy, deserves a medal. We have had a plethora of exhibition singles and one or two foursome matches between the leading professors, but no outstanding single between two keen rivals such as Ben and Andrew. It is now seventeen years since their last great battle was fought out at North Berwick and

St. Andrews, when Sayers, after establishing a long lead at North Berwick, was hunted home by Kirkaldy at St. Andrews, and only just landed the stakes on the last green by two holes. These two players are famous not only on account of their prowess as golfers, but perhaps even more by reason of their pawky Scottish humour and their quaint and pungent remarks at critical moments of a match. They are at their finest, in this latter respect, when playing as partners in a foursome, and many are the rich comic treats I have enjoyed in listening to the disparaging and contemptuous comments on each other's play which they emit in turn with unrestrained frankness.



MRS. MARTIN HALL
Winner of the handicap prize, with 95-8=87, at the Huntercombe Open Meeting last week

A Solemn Business

But those who imagined that there would be much, if any, of this kind of thing in evidence when they were pitted against each other in a single were vastly mistaken. Andrew and Ben regard a duel on the links as an extremely serious affair, to be carried out with all the parade, solemnity, and ceremonial befitting a State function, and throughout their recent match there was but little jesting going on. They were out for blood, and meant business all the time. The holes were fought out with grim determination, and halves were rarely given, and holes seldom conceded, unless the position was absolutely hopeless. The match, which consisted of seventy-two holes, thirty-six at Sunningdale and thirty-six at Walton Heath, proved a triumph for Sayers. He established a lead of four holes in the first round by superior play, lost three of them in the afternoon, when Kirkaldy showed better form, and then at Walton Heath, contrary to general expectation, outplayed his burly opponent at all points, finally slaughtering him to the tune of six up and five to play. Throughout the match Sayers was the master. He was never down, and Kirkaldy only managed to draw level once, when he won the first hole in the morning at Walton Heath.

Encore?

Kirkaldy is not satisfied with his defeat, and as Sayers considers himself able to beat the big man at any time and place, we may look forward to another encounter. But it will be in the North, at St. Andrews and North Berwick, if Andrew has any say in the matter. Yet if a real treat is wanted, some benefactor ought to arrange for a foursome between Ben and Andrew as partners against two of the young English professionals on some Southern course. Then, indeed, we should have some fun.

ERNEST LEHMANN

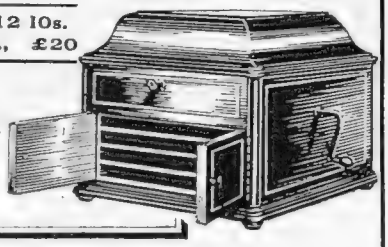
HIS MASTER'S VOICE

Table Grands

are made in three models.

THESE MODELS meet the demand of Music Lovers for a 'His Master's Voice' Gramophone, which embodies all the recent improvements, *and yet takes up no floor space.* ¶ This newest development of our Instruments can be seen and heard at any Accredited Dealer's, whose name and address will be sent with Illustrated Catalogue on receipt of a Postcard.

No. VIII., Price £12 10s.
IX., £15; IXa., £20



THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY, LTD.,
21 CITY ROAD,
LONDON, E.C.

MELTIS

IS

Chocolate

SMOOTH
RICH & RARE

RIVIERA RESORTS

THE WINTER PALACE

Built in 1905 and enlarged in 1911.

Most up-to-date and select house, situated in the healthiest quarter of Cimiez. Patronised by English and American Families of the highest class. Park. Tennis and Skating. Large Garage. Motor-car to and from Place Masséna for the convenience of visitors.

JOS. AGID, Managing Proprietor.

NICE.

HOTEL DE FRANCE

Finest Situation overlooking the Jardin Public.

200 ROOMS. 50 BATHROOMS.

CHATHAM BAR.

NOW OPEN.

NICE

The Queen of the Riviera.

19 hrs. from London. 13 hrs. 50 mins. from Paris.

The Winter Resort most renowned for the mildness and equability of its climate and the attractions of its fêtes.

For all information address the Comité d'Intéret Local, Mairie de Nice.

COSTEBELLE GOLF LINKS

18 HOLES.

Belonging to the COSTEBELLE HOTELS.

Hyères.

8 Croquet Lawns. 3 Tennis Courts. New Ball Room.

A. PEYRON, Proprietor.

For VILLAS and FLATS Write to
JOHNSON'S Riviera Agency, **13, Rue Hotel des Postes, NICE.** Telegrams: "JOHNSONIA, NICE."

RACING: Manchester Prospects BY CARBINE

The Last Week

If we wanted a sign that the end of a not very memorable flat-racing season is near we had it in the dreary elements of last week-end, which caused the abandonment of what promised to be a good meeting at Lingfield. For what shall we chiefly remember the Turf in 1911? I think it will be for the splendid peformances of Willonyx. He proved himself a very great horse, but it is as well to bear in mind that he never met Swynford or Lemberg. People get carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment. I remember when Willonyx had accomplished his brilliant performance in the Cesarewitch one of the crowd who assembled outside the weighing-room after the race apostrophised Willonyx as "the best horse of the year!" Lord Derby overheard the remark, and, turning with amusement to a companion, said, "the best horse—and poor Swynford with a broken leg." So in praising Willonyx you must not forget Swynford, who has greater claims to that indefinable quality known as class than the former horse.

Luck and the Derby Cup

In the Derby Cup last week the supporters of Bronzino and Graball both considered themselves really unlucky. One party severely criticised Maher for keeping Bronzino so far in the rear until the last furlong that it was impossible for the top-weight to make up the ground and catch Clarenceux in time. The backers of Graball similarly blamed their jockey for trying to get through on the rails when there was no room to do so, with the result that the colt had to be pulled round on the outside, his chance being thus extinguished. All things considered, Clarenceux was a lucky winner, and it was a fortunate turn-up for the ring, as the two favourites were backed for "pots" of money.

The November Handicap

This promises to wind-up the season interestingly. Joe Cannon has a chance of repeating last season's success with Sir Martin or Dalmatian. Alec Taylor also has a double chance not to be ignored, and Fallon has similarly two candidates in Trepida and Ultimus. The last-named is a bit of a mystery, but there is no secret about Trepida's form, and in spite of her substantial weight I expect this fine mare to give her admirers a good run for their money. Coastwise should run well, and among the lightweights Othello has a dangerous appearance, judging by his form this season. I look for the success of **Trepida** or **Ultimus**, and the Manton pair, Mirador and King Midas, may prove the next best. On Thursday **Protestant Boy** may win the Brackley Handicap, and **Papavero** the Delamere Handicap. On the following day **Area** may take the Lancashire Nursery and **Black Pirate** the Flying Handicap, while **Montmartre** may secure the Eglinton Nursery on the last day.

The Cure of Consumption

Dr. Edwin W. Alabone's Treatment

All physicians are perfectly aware there can be no infallible cure for a specific disease such as Tuberculosis, which has well been designated the White Plague. Not only in England, but in all parts of the globe, medical men have vainly endeavoured to find a "cure" for this terrible disease, and the very fact that in their endeavours they have used and lauded an enormous number of drugs and methods diametrically opposed to each other has doubtless led to the large number of unscrupulous persons who with an utterly worthless treatment prey on the credulity of sufferers who become their victims. Space will not allow us to go into details of even a tithe of the remedies which from time to time have been promulgated as a cure for consumption; inoculation with serums and antitoxins, inhalations of noxious fumes, open-air sanatoria, and others too many to mention, have all proved ineffectual for the aim in view, viz., "**cure.**"

Seeing this, we bring before our readers a treatment of undoubted value as a **cure** for Consumption. We refer to that as practised by Dr. Edwin W. Alabone, of Highbury. That gentleman, very many years ago, after having absolutely cured some thirty cases of Pulmonary Tuberculosis which had been given up as perfectly incurable, gave up the very large private practice which he then enjoyed, and decided to devote his energies and time exclusively to the study and treatment of Phthisis, and at the present time we think it can fairly be stated he enjoys a reputation for accurate diagnosis and for successful treatment which is unique. Be that as it may, the fact remains that many thousands of cases of Consumption, given up as incurable, have passed through his hands, with the result that in a very large percentage the disease has been perfectly eradicated, and they are now pursuing their ordinary avocations in perfect health.

It will probably be said statements are not actual proof. Quite so; but ample proof is forthcoming as to the accuracy of these statements, both from the medical profession and laymen, who substantiate our remarks in every detail. A short time ago there appeared in the "Medical Times" an article entitled "The Therapeutics of Pulmonary Tuberculosis," by G. Chandler, M.D., who, referring to the Alabone Treatment of Consumption, stated: "In 1877 one, Edwin W. Alabone, M.D., F.R.M.S., M.R.C.S., of Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, England, startled the doctors of Great Britain by stating that he had cured, was curing, and could continue to cure, 'Consumption.' The profession scoffed—the consumptives believed; and Alabone, in a few years, was able to exhibit a list of 'Cured' patients and patrons several yards long. Lord bishops, right reverends, dukes, lords, and simple baronets swore that Alabone was curing Phthisis. At least a hundred 'reputable practitioners' attested to the same thing. The fame of the 'Alabone cure' spread, and in Brussels Alabone was presented with a diploma, ribbon, and decoration of the Red Cross, after having 'cured beyond peradventure' several consumptive citizens of that burg. Doctors in other countries adopted his methods and succeeded extraordinarily. Honours and wealth came to him from all over the earth; but the Council of the R.C.S. derided the man and his methods, and expelled him from the college! Still, the people who believed they had been phthisical and were now whole adhered to the man who had cured them, and in 1898 Dr. Alabone published the thirty-fourth edition (one hundred and forty-six thousand) of his book, 'The Cure of Consumption,' dedicating it to a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Medicine, and naming (by permission) several score of the best doctors in England as believers in, if not users of, his methods. Surely so much smoke could not rise without some fire. Every great discovery has been bitterly opposed; so hundreds of thousands of educated people regarded Alabone's treatment as specific, and the man himself a martyr-benefactor." Dr. Chandler then asks the momentous question: "What is the most rational method of treating Phthisis Pulmonalis?" His reply must, we think, be absolutely convincing to the most sceptical person. It is this: "I am inclined to believe that if each man who asked that question could secure from a given treatment **one-tenth** the results Alabone and his followers obtained, he would unhesitatingly term it the only rational method."

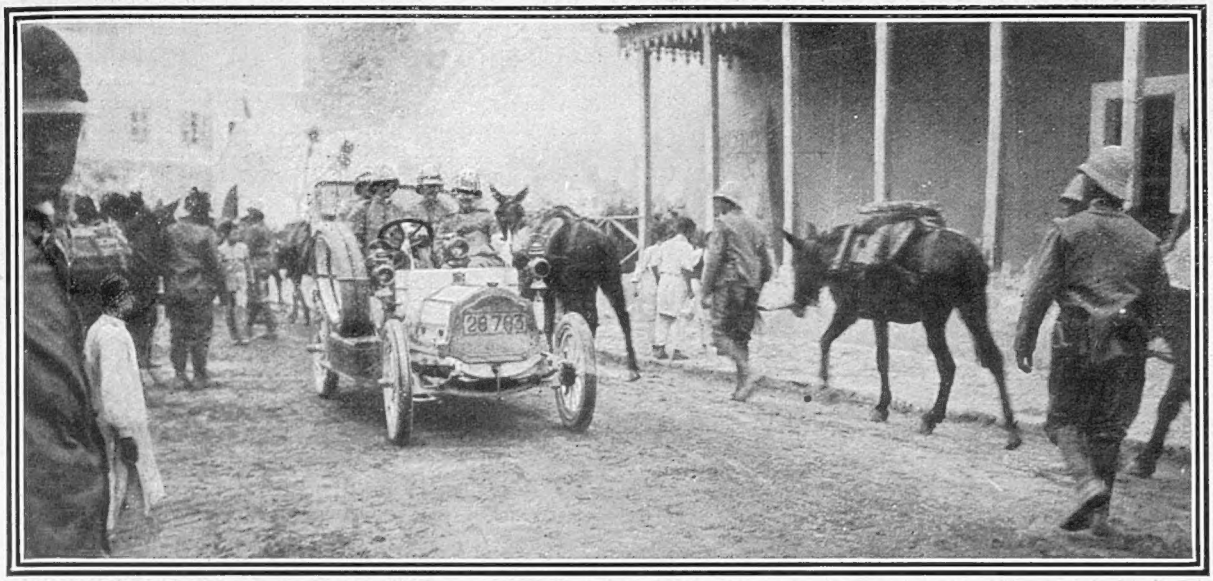
This verdict, coming from a physician who, being pre-eminently capable of forming a correct and unbiassed opinion, is unanswerable, and clearly proves that the "Alabone Treatment" is a positive cure for this dread malady. Nor is Dr. Chandler alone in his eulogy; Dr. J. Dawson, M.D., etc., sent a case of Consumption very far advanced to Dr. Alabone for treatment; he watched the result with much interest, and, in writing to a medical paper, reports upon it as follows: "I was very glad to see notice has at length been taken of the treatment of Phthisis and Tubercular disease by Dr. Alabone's treatment. From personal observation of more than one case which was pronounced 'incurable' by well-known consultants, I can bear testimony to the very great relief and **total disappearance of the disease.**

An immense number of precisely the same experiences could be quoted from other physicians, but space prevents. These, however, are quite sufficient to give the sufferers from Consumption very good reason to hope; for it is plainly evident that although Dr. Alabone states his treatment is not infallible, yet it holds out the greatest possible chance of **cure.**

In "The Cure of Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh" (2s. 6d.), by Edwin W. Alabone, M.D.Phil., D.Sc., Ex-M.R.C.S.Eng., Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, full particulars will be found of his methods.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.



ITALIAN OFFICERS ON A DE DION-BOUTON CAR, WHICH IS BEING USED FOR ACTIVE SERVICE IN TRIPOLI

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

In Protest Against Rush

There still remains a number of Olympian exhibits to which some attention, however inadequate, must be given before we turn our backs upon the 1911 show, as the 1911 show has already turned its back upon us. Unfortunately, we live in a day when all news must be served piping hot or be reckoned depreciated in value, notwithstanding that, as a matter of fact, it must appreciate in value with time for its more mature consideration. If writers upon any subject of public importance were compelled to let the sun go down upon their cogitations two or three times, it would be much to the advantage of everybody as well as to the subject dealt with. Instead of which, we are always in a ferocious hurry to be in the field as soon as the next man, and generally before there has been sufficient time to digest our material and order our views. That scurry for first position with information has, as its almost inevitable concomitant, massacres (for example) that haven't happened, victories that are subsequently discovered for something remarkably like defeats, speeches that are distorted most violently, and motor matter that doesn't!

Remedying Omissions

Therefore, it must not be assumed, because a reference to sundry exhibits has not been made during the run of the show at Olympia, that they are of small importance. They are at least equal in importance to any exhibit hereinbefore dealt with. In point of fact I would not pretend, and have not pretended, to present the entire contents of Olympia to my readers. All I can hope to do, greatly extended though the space at my disposal generally is, is to record representative exhibits—representing, that is, some of the best work in their own price and power class. The only disadvantage under which any exhibitor who may be referred to below suffers, is that, as the show is done, he cannot have his goods inspected upon his show stand; but, then, hardly could any exhibitor whose goods were dealt with while the show was open—so atrocious was the crush. But everybody's goods may be inspected at their own premises, and, therefore, I have shown the firm's address in each necessary case, so that communication can be established (the Postmaster-General being still available for the purpose) direct. Here follow a few accessories eminently worth making a note of:

C. A. Vandervell and Co., Acton Vale

Of all the firms specialising upon an electric lighting equipment for motoring purposes, Vandervell's are, perhaps, the best known. C.A.V. specialities stand in the front rank with our most highly developed and efficient electrical appliances, and should be marked in red upon the list of the man who, having decided to test the merits of electrical fittings, desires to reduce the possibilities of error in choice to their irreducible minimum. The outstanding feature of this firm's business is assuredly the C.A.V. self-contained dynamo car-lighting outfit, of which there are now, I am credibly informed, 2,000 in use. A few modifications have been made as they have been dictated by the experience of the past year, and these will doubtless contribute to an even larger satisfaction with the plant than has already been expressed by users. It is not practicable to give, in this short note, an adequate description of the manner in which a constant supply of current is kept available for the lighting purposes of the whole car, nor of the means by which overcharging on the one hand and waste of stored current on the other are prevented. It is a singularly ingenious arrangement, and is fully described in a pamphlet which the firm will send upon request, together with particulars of their other electrical goods—lamps, magnetos, coils, cigar-lighters, and the like.

Price's Patent Candle Co., Battersea

"Without money and without Price"? That is inconceivable. Without money, yes, so that the car be running well; but without Price, no! Money may "make the mare to go," but it's Price that makes the

wheels go round. The wheels of the car have revolved so well that the mare is on her last legs. Which clearly shows the importance of Price and his oils and greases for every car purpose. Next time try Motorine C. It helped Rolls-Royce on that Edinburgh top-gear trip. And for the rest, write, if only to secure a free sample tablet of Manular cleansing toilet soap for motorists.

Kempshall Tyres. (Any Agent)

The only non-skid with an R.A.C. certificate of sufficiency, further improved and without sacrifice of any of its old outstanding qualities. That is the ribbed tyre. There is, again, the anti-skid tyre with a round tread, studded in rubber on either side. Also the transversely grooved cover no longer wrap-treaded in the ordinary way, but moulded under such pressure as to make it almost immune from cuts and gashes. The steel and rubber-studded cover, in great demand for hire and taxi work, together with emergency patches, liners, and other useful accessories, are part of this well-known firm's stock-in-trade for 1912.

MR. JAMES BIRD'S MOTOR-BOAT, "RIP"

Which has proved itself the fastest "displacement" boat racing in the past season. It is fitted with a Vauxhall marine engine, and on every occasion of an appearance at a race meeting of the Royal Yacht Club it secured a prize of some sort

In Compression

The little Clement-Bayard cars, for which the Clement Talbot Company has the concession in Great Britain, call for special comment. They were a last-minute accession to the show at Olympia, but they made one of its most attractive features. An 8 h.-p. four-cylinder engine is notable enough in itself—like the 15 h.-p. six-cylinder, also available; but when the "eight" is fitted with three speeds and a reverse, chain-driven timing gear, a two-seater "torpedo" body, and wire wheels, and is offered as the work of an engineer of the reputation of M. Clement at the price of £186, we begin to appreciate the fact that here is something with a much stronger appeal than the appeal of novelty. And, indeed, the proposition is exceedingly attractive, both from the technical and the financial point of view. M. Clement has clearly appreciated the current tendency toward low power and price, and has come along boldly with a little vehicle which, while keeping both low, has sacrificed none of the advantages and refinements of the best four-cylinder.

"Those who have had an opportunity of closely inspecting the chassis of the N.B. Self-Starting S.C.A.T. at Olympia will learn without any surprise that the S.C.A.T. display at the International Exhibition at Turin has been awarded the Grand Prix." Agreed.

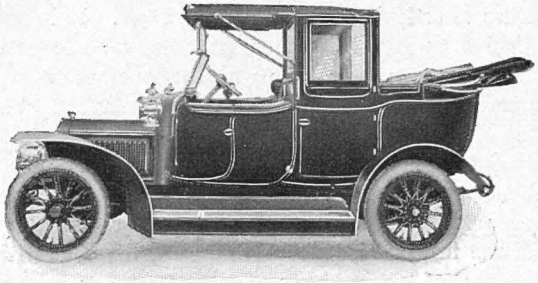
A distinct advance in body-building is marked by the introduction of a sliding roof for limousines, Pullmans, and kindred cars. This device, which has been patented at home and abroad, admits air and light without the draught and dust. When closed the roof is in every way as sound as one of the ordinary type, while, for sunny days, a suitably ventilated blind is provided. Working plans of the device may be obtained from the patentees, Messrs. The Car Equipment Company, Ltd., 199, Piccadilly, W.

Are you considering

the purchase of a motor? Then don't accept second-hand advice. Enquire direct. We shall be pleased to furnish you with the names of

Adler Owners

in your locality who will gladly give impartial testimony of the unsurpassed **Reliability, Simplicity,** extraordinary **hill-climbing powers,** and **Silence** of these celebrated cars.



The Perfect "All-Weather Car."—The Adler Chassis fitted with "Morgan" Cabrio-landaulette Body.

MORGAN & Co., Ltd.

Sole Agents for the Adler Car, and Specialists in Motor Coachwork,

127, Long Acre, W.C.,
and
10, Old Bond Street, W.